SUCCESSFUL FILM WRITING

SETON MARGRAVE

SUCCESSFUL FILM WRITING



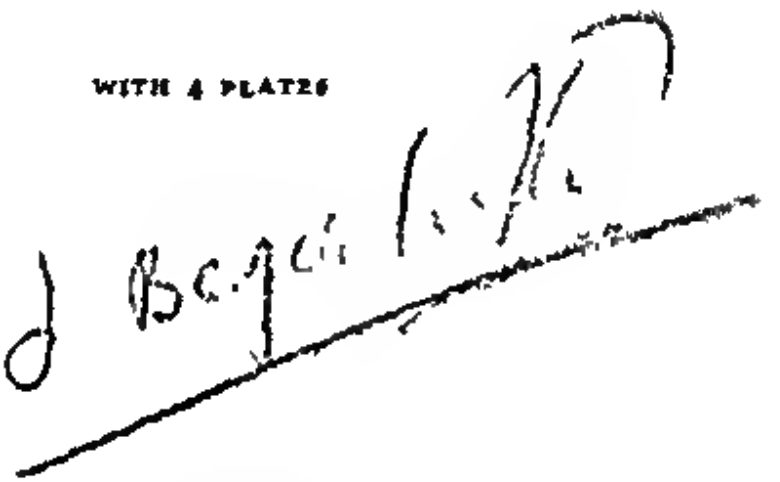
SUCCESSFUL FILM WRITING

As Illustrated
by 'The Ghost Goes West'

by

SETON MARGRAVE

WITH 4 PLATES





METHUEN & CO. LTD. LONDON
36 Essex Street W.C.

First published in 1936

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	Introduction. By Alexander Korda . .	vii
I.	Writing for Films	1
II.	'Sir Tristram Goes West.' Short story by Eric Keown	37
III.	The Cinematic Quality of *Sir Tristram Goes West.* By René Clair	49
IV.	A First Treatment of *The Ghost Goes West* . .	53
V.	The Finished Scenario of *The Ghost Goes West.* With Times and Measurements . .	69

ILLUSTRATIONS

	Frontispiece Facing page
Robert Donat as Murdoch Glourie, the ghost	
Jean Parker as Peggy Martin	38
Eugene Pallette as Joe Martin	61
Robert Donat as Murdoch Glourie	142

INTRODUCTION

By Alexander Korda

This book marks the first occasion on which there has been presented a detailed account of the evolution of a film from the choice of the original idea to the completion of the finished scenario.

I am flattered that such an expert on films as Seton Margrave should have selected a film made by London Film Productions as the subject of such a practical approach to the elucidation of film making.

Moreover, unlike other books which have been content to present a film scenario to the public, this one measures film scenes in feet and frames, so that readers may learn to judge actual film writing in terms of film length.

I need hardly point out the significance of this detailed analysis to those who are anxious to write for films.

There is also given in this book a very full analysis of film writing from the point of view of the emotional impact of a film on a film audience.

I am happy to be able to say that *The Ghost Goes West* has been a great popular success wherever it has been shown, and I am sure its reputation will be enhanced by its having been chosen as the illustration of this practical examination of the birth and completion of a film scenario.

1

WRITING FOR FILMS

. . . From the point of view of the film audience.

For every young man or young woman who wants to be a film star there are a thousand who want to write for the films.

Those who aspire to be film stars do seem to recognize that they should have certain gifts and graces. More often than not their belief in themselves is mistaken, but at least their ambition has the embryo of reason. It may be only that a young man has been 'told by all his friends' that he is funnier than Charlie Chaplin, or it may be that a fond mother is convinced that her little girl is cleverer than Shirley Temple.

Local flattery and mother love are insecure foundations for film success, but they are infinitely more than is held necessary for a triumphant career as a film author.

For this universal urge there is no tangible reason; but if we may regard the urge—or scourge—in its universality as an epedemic, we may find it has a symptom. The root cause is probably the coming of the talking picture.

In the days of silent films I occasionally had the task of stripping a completed film of its story and of adding a new story merely by writing new sub-titles and by a sleight-of-hand reshuffling of the photographed scenes, which we humorously called editing, but which would make the modern exponents of montage cry out in horror.

I

WRITING FOR FILMS

. . . From the point of view of the film audience.

For every young man or young woman who wants to be a film star there are a thousand who want to write for the films.

Those who aspire to be film stars do seem to recognize that they should have certain gifts and graces. More often than not their belief in themselves is mistaken, but at least their ambition has the embryo of reason. It may be only that a young man has been 'told by all his friends' that he is funnier than Charlie Chaplin, or it may be that a fond mother is convinced that her little girl is cleverer than Shirley Temple.

Local flattery and mother love are insecure foundations for film success, but they are infinitely more than is held necessary for a triumphant career as a film author.

For this universal urge there is no tangible reason; but if we may regard the urge—or scourge—in its universality as an epedemic, we may find it has a symptom. The root cause is probably the coming of the talking picture.

In the days of silent films I occasionally had the task of stripping a completed film of its story and of adding a new story merely by writing new sub-titles and by a sleight-of-hand reshuffling of the photographed scenes, which we humorously called editing, but which would make the modern exponents of montage cry out in horror.

This rewriting of a film story after the film had been completed was applied mostly to foreign films which had to be localized to British sentiment. It was not a highly skilled occupation. Rather, it was a trade with a knaek in it. The tests of abiility were that you should not ask for the photography of one extra scene and that you should not cut the origioal film below the impressive dimensions of a first feature.

The faet that silent films were regularly rewritten in this way is the best possible evidence of the truth that into one silent film a hundred different filmgoers might read a hundred different story variations.

The silent film was not opinionated. It was fluid. It was capable of taking the shape of every filmgoer into whom it was poured. It was a soporific making the Picture Palace a House of Dreams.

Whatever may be said of the silent film, it did have ooe literally magical quality. It gave to every filmgoer the power to shatter to bits the eooceptioo of the produeer and remould it nearer to his own heart's desire.

The talking picture has taken the filmgoer into a new and unyielding world. The talking picture is stringent and febrile and pugnacious. It cooedes nothing to the individual. Its aspect is take-it-or-leave-it-and-be-damned. Hence the attitude of the filmgoer—once quiescent—is now quarrelsome. The House of Dreams has become the House of Dispute.

When pictures began to talk, picture patrons began to talk back.

The filmgoer can no longer read his own meaning into a movie. The talking picture is a fixed and frozen mood, incapable of being melted into any other mood.

The filmgoer is no longer soothed to assent. He is incited to argument. He is clamorous for expression. Hence, unquestionably, the urge to write for the films.

Unhappily the urge has been whetted by film commentators who have announced that there is no such thing as a film form or formula.

In consequence there is a widespread belief that practically anything can be filmed and that it is easier to write for films than to write novels or plays.

That is a sad delusion. The film is a most precise and most elusive medium. In operation it is a complex and almost abstract art.

Any one may read a play or a novel or even a detailed scenario and say that such and such a work would make a fine film merely because several scenes or situations leap vividly to the imagination.

To visualize a film in detail—even when the detail is set down on paper—is a most difficult mental process, demanding the preconception of an intricate sequence of images and sounds.

This preconception is all the more difficult since the sounds and images are mobile.

A single photograph in a film holds the eye of the spectator for only one-twenty-fourth of a second.

These single photographs are called 'frames'. You will find in the scenario of *The Ghost Goes West* that the scenes are measured in feet and frames.

The ideal scenario would be so measured before production began, but in practice such an ideal is not attainable.

Yet the original scenario must be within workable reach of this ideal if we are to avoid having an unbalanced result.

A film scenario written—for the sake of example—to occupy 7,000 feet must realize the amount of dramatic material required for a film of 7,000 feet.

It must also measure the importance of each individual scene to the film as a whole.

It is obvious that a trivial scene cannot be allowed to occupy the same space as an important scene.

The film writer must space his action. He cannot dwell on asides. He must keep to the main shaft of his plot or theme. He must know the time which any scene will take to show and, therefore, the space which any scene will occupy in the completed 7,000 feet. He has to consider a double problem of time and space.

We shall call it the time-space factor and we shall say—in spite of all denials of the existence of a film form or formula—that it is the foundation on which film form rests and that it is the basic film formula.

In practice film scenes are photographed many times from many different viewpoints—called 'angles' —and from many different distances ranging from a close shot of an individual player to a full shot of an entire scene or landscape.

These different shots are composed into a sequence called a rough cut—and it can be very rough.

This rough cut is the material of the fine cut which is what you may or may not enjoy when you see it in your cinema.

This business of cutting—usually called 'editing' —is a highly skilled profession.

The arrangement of the many hundreds of *short* pieces of film which are joined to make a completed film drama is of vital importance to the timing and the spacing of the action.

By skilful work in editing, a film acquires its correct trajectory or dramatic curve and its correct velocity or tempo.

I have been told that deft dramatists write or re-write stage plays so that the curtains on their penultimate acts will descend precisely at ten priceless minutes before the local handmaidens of Dionysus chant, 'Time!..Gentlemen!..Please!'

That may be clever, but it is kindergarten compared with the hundreds of occasions when the space-time factor must be obeyed in film making.

It is right that this aspect of film construction should here be emphasized, since it has not hitherto been introduced into any examination of a film scenario.

One of the main objectives of this work has been to make it possible for all its readers to assess film action in relation to film time and space.

An appreciation of this element is essential to the author who would produce a film story of suitable dramatic substance, who would space his incidents according to a practical plan and who would secure a correct dramatic curve from opening to climax.

The smoothness of the development of a film is the measure of the success with which this space-time factor has been handled. It is essential to all films. It is no more essential to René Clair in search of film fiction than to John Grierson in search of film fact. It was just as essential to the documentation of Broadcasting House as to the imagining of Glourie Castle.

It would be idle to claim that this factor could be set down in a series of mathematical equations to meet every circumstance. One might as readily expect to find mathematical equations for painting in oils.

It is nevertheless of vital importance to the student

A film scenario written—for the sake of example—to occupy 7,000 feet must realize the amount of dramatic material required for a film of 7,000 feet.

It must also measure the importance of each individual scene to the film as a whole.

It is obvious that a trivial scene cannot be allowed to occupy the same space as an important scene.

The film writer must space his action. He cannot dwell on asides. He must keep to the main shaft of his plot or theme. He must know the time which any scene will take to show and, therefore, the space which any scene will occupy in the completed 7,000 feet. He has to consider a double problem of time and space.

We shall call it the time-space factor and we shall say—in spite of all denials of the existence of a film form or formula—that it is the foundation on which film form rests and that it is the basic film formula.

In practice film scenes are photographed many times from many different viewpoints—called 'angles' —and from many different distances ranging from a close shot of an individual player to a full shot of an entire scene or landscape.

These different shots are composed into a sequence called a rough cut—and it can be very rough.

This rough cut is the material of the fine cut which is what you may or may not enjoy when you see it in your cinema.

This business of cutting—usually called 'editing' —is a highly skilled profession.

The arrangement of the many hundreds of short pieces of film which [illegible] joined to make a completed [illegible] is [illegible] to the timing and the

By skilful work in editing, a film acquires its correct trajectory or dramatic curve and its correct velocity or tempo.

I have been told that deft dramatists write or re-write stage plays so that the curtains on their penultimate acts will descend precisely at ten priceless minutes before the local handmaidens of Dionysus chant, 'Time! Gentlemen! Please!'

That may be clever, but it is kindergarten compared with the hundreds of occasions when the space-time factor must be obeyed in film making.

It is right that this aspect of film construction should here be emphasized, since it has not hitherto been introduced into any examination of a film scenario.

One of the main objectives of this work has been to make it possible for all its readers to assess film action in relation to film time and space.

An appreciation of this element is essential to the author who would produce a film story of suitable dramatic substance, who would space his incidents according to a practical plan and who would secure a correct dramatic curve from opening to climax.

The smoothness of the development of a film is the measure of the success with which this space-time factor has been handled. It is essential to all films. It is no more essential to René Clair in search of film fiction than to John Grierson in search of film fact. It was just as essential to the documentation of Broadcasting House as to the imagining of Glourie Castle.

It would be idle to claim that this factor could be set down in a series of mathematical equations to meet every circumstance. One might as readily expect to find mathematical equations for painting in oils.

It is nevertheless of vital importance to the student

A film scenario written—for the sake of example—to occupy 7,000 feet must realize the amount of dramatic material required for a film of 7,000 feet.

It must also measure the importance of each individual scene to the film as a whole.

It is obvious that a trivial scene cannot be allowed to occupy the same space as an important scene.

The film writer must space his action. He cannot dwell on asides. He must keep to the main shaft of his plot or theme. He must know the time which any scene will take to show and, therefore, the space which any scene will occupy in the completed 7,000 feet. He has to consider a double problem of time and space.

We shall call it the time-space factor and we shall say—in spite of all denials of the existence of a film form or formula—that it is the foundation on which film form rests and that it is the basic film formula.

In practice film scenes are photographed many times from many different viewpoints—called 'angles' —and from many different distances ranging from a close shot of an individual player to a full shot of an entire scene or landscape.

These different shots are composed into a sequence called a rough cut—and it can be very rough.

This rough cut is the material of the fine cut which is what you may or may not enjoy when you see it in your cinema.

This business of cutting—usually called 'editing' —is a highly skilled profession.

The arrangement of the many hundreds of short pieces of film which are joined to make a completed film drama is of vital importance to the timing and the spacing of the action.

Great actors and great orators strive for it. It is not a contemptible objective.

It rules out neither merit nor genius. It demands one and welcomes the other.

It welcomes the style of an Oscar Wilde and the imagination of an H. G. Wells, but it demands the humanity of a Charles Dickens.

In attitude of mind Charles Dickens is the ideal film writer. His characters are real and they are continually doing interesting things.

Do not fall into the fatal error of despising your audience.

A film audience is like a violin.

You may play on that violin like a Mischa Elman or like the brat next door.

Between these two extremes of craftsmanship there is room for all the self-pride and all the ability any author can possess.

Sir Henry Wood recently told me he considers *Shepherd's Hey* most excellent music, since it is beautifully orchestrated and is universally appreciated.

That is an excellent definition of an excellent film.

I lay great emphasis on this aspect of film writing, not only because it has been ignored in text-books, but also because it is the root of the whole matter in so far as the intellectual approach to film writing is concerned.

Not all the technique in the world can replace it, and I shall return to it.

With this paramount consideration clearly in mind, let us now examine the six factors which complicate the work of the film writer.

The fact that a film is often materially changed after it has been presented to a trial audience is not necessarily an evidence of incompetence.

Film making is an art, a science and a business, and its margin of error is infinitely greater than that which faces the novelist or the playwright, since the audience to be satisfied is vastly greater in numbers.

Intellectual snobs within and without the film world are fond of being heavily contemptuous of the enormous audience commanded by the film. There is no reason for this attitude of superiority.

In no other field of human activity has it ever been suggested that it is less honourable—morally, artistically, intellectually or commercially—to gain the adherence of a multitude than to win the applause of a clique.

In the world of politics it is not held less honourable to win an election than to forfeit a deposit—yet that is the basis of ninety per cent of all attacks on films.

The film writer must realize his duty to capture audiences by the million. He may possess but he may never display an attitude of superiority.

Even a concealed attitude of superiority will be a severe handicap, since filmgoers instantaneously and infallibly detect false sentiment.

I do not ask you to indulge the literary perversion of writing down to the public.

The best films are neither stupid nor morbid nor vicious.

The film writer must put himself in tune with his audience. He must understand his audience. He must stand alongside his audience. He must strive to have that feeling with and for his audience called sympathy.

1. Transitions

A film consists of a series of photographs which are projected on a screen at the rate of twenty-four photographs per second.

Each individual photograph is called a frame.

A frame is three-quarters of an inch in depth.

Sixteen frames make a foot of film.

In terms of footage a film is projected at the rate of ninety feet per minute.

When a film is precisely measured its length is expressed in feet and film frames.

I should here repeat that scenes in the scenario of *The Ghost Goes West* have been so measured.

It is an astonishing circumstance that this has not hitherto been done in any published scenario, since time and space are of the essence of film writing.

The student should compare the deliberate manner of the opening scenes with the swift action of such a scene as that of the gangsters on the wharfside in Shots 248 to 261.

There you will find that the effect of high-speed action has been immensely heightened by the rapid succession of a series of very brief shots.

This is an admirable example of what can be achieved by the Direct Cut. Shot succeeds shot without any semblance of pause, so that the action of the scene is not only allowed to flow swiftly but is also heightened in speed by the brevity of the individual shots themselves.

You should note that Shot 252, showing a watchman firing a gun, is one foot and seven frames in length. That means it is just twenty-three frames in all and occupies the screen in production for rather less than a second.

A shot of such short duration is called a flash. It is just visible to the spectator and has the effect of a blow whose coming and going are unseen. It is like a short punch in boxing, when all that the recipient knows is that he has been hit.

Such a device must be used sparingly.

The moment it becomes commonplace to a film the force of its impact is dissipated. The result becomes a meaningless jerkiness instead of a blow perfectly directed and timed.

When the continuity of action in a scene is clear the Direct Cut should be used in preference to all other forms of transition.

A great part of the explanation of the difference between a slowly moving film and a film of swift action lies in the writing of scenes to facilitate the Direct Cut.

The more deliberate transitions are the Dissolve and the Fade.

The Dissolve may be used with good effect both in picture and in sound.

In Shot 179 a clock showing midnight dissolves into a picture of a ship's hold, while dance music dissolves into ship's bells.

It is impossible to lay down absolute rules for the use of each form of transition, but generally it may be said that the Dissolve marks a physical movement from one setting to another, while the Fade indicates a change of setting plus a change of thought.

The Fade is like the curtain in a play. It is to be treated with caution, and whenever possible it should be avoided. It marks a complete pause in action, and unless your audience is interested the pause may be fatal.

It is generally on a Fade introduced without reason

that a spectator stretches himself and inquires of the world at large why such and such a film was ever made.

In expert films, dialogue is now used to make possible the use of a Dissolve where formerly a Fade would have been thought necessary.

In Shot 238, by making a character say, 'All America will soon know that a ghost has crossed the Atlantic to advertise the superior quality of Martin's Fine Foods', it is possible to transfer the spectator by a Dissolve from an Atlantic liner to the skyline of New York.

In silent films the style of writing closely followed the convention of dividing a novel into chapters, and the Fade marked the end of one chapter and the beginning of another.

The silent film also possessed a device called the Time Lapse, which was any sort of pictorial interruption designed to make the spectator believe that something had happened in the interval.

Another device used in silent films to cover a lapse in time was the Bridging Title.

Modern film writing demands that the central shaft of dramatic action shall continuously be carried forward.

With the short speech in *The Ghost Goes West* the mind of the spectator will react in pleasurable anticipation of the extraordinary things which might happen to a Scottish ghost in modern America.

This pleasure is so fully realized that when the ghost in protest exclaims to his ghostly parent, 'Father, I don't like America,' we have one of the most hilarious moments of the entire film.

Even without any preparation of the mind of the spectator, that exclamation would have been delightful,

but, with the spectator waiting to see how the ghost would react, the force of the exclamation is irresistible.

In other words, the speech in Shot 238 is not only appropriate to the development of the situation in which it is made, but also creates the suspense which carries the film to its end.

Thus we have a perfect example of Transition.

2. Camera

The one general observation to be made about the camera in filmcraft is that anything a writer can imagine can be photographed.

In simple and straightforward photography there are seven camera positions. They are most easily explained by dividing them into three groups.

In the first group we have what are called the Establishing-Shots. They are the Full Shot and the Long Shot.

The Full Shot includes an entire scene or natural setting. It is a general impression shot. It may present an enormous cabaret, the roofs of a great city or a vista of plains or mountains.

The Long Shot may include anything from a half to a full setting, and is generally at distances from the camera ranging from twenty-five to one hundred feet.

In discussing film construction, great emphasis is generally laid on the fact that the camera has unlimited mobility. We have been told that the camera is like a magic carpet, capable of leaping round the world at will.

But too little emphasis has been laid on the fact that the camera is capable of bringing drama nearer to the spectator than the theatre can accomplish even for those sitting in the front row of the stalls.

The purpose of the Angle Shot is to search into the heart of an emotion.

The Tracking Shot is (1) the moving of the camera towards or away from a player or (2) the moving of the camera to accompany a player moving from one position to another.

In the No. 1 Tracking Shot we might have a scene in which a character is threatened by a gun. Then we might Track towards the player to show in Close Up the effect of the threat or—having shown the character in Close Up under emotional stress—we might Track back to reveal the presence of the gun.

In the No. 2 Tracking Shot we might move the camera to show our character attempting to cross a room to a bureau in which we know there is also a gun.

The Tilting Shot places the camera on a platform attached to a crane which makes it possible to swing the camera in an arc in any direction at any speed.

To filmgoers perhaps the most familiar use of the Pan or Panoramic Shot is that which in news reels follow the course of a race run round a circular track.

Examples of all the photographic devices will be found in the scenario of *The Ghost Goes West*, and the reader should note most carefully the circumstances in which they are introduced.

3. Dialogue

The introduction of dialogue has enormously increased the power of the film as a dramatic medium and has likewise added to the complexity of film writing and film making.

In the days of silent films all that the film writer and the film maker had to do was to tell a story in

ctures with explanatory sub-titles when the invention the writer and the maker failed to convey an idea ickly in pictures.

A few films succeeded in telling their stories without o-titles, but generally the objective was to tell a ry as quickly as possible, and it was found that the hest speed of narrative was pictures with sub-titles itten in epigrammatic style.

Then when a silent film came to be shown in a ema it had the benefit of a musical accompaniment d what were known as effects.

Many of these musical accompaniments and effects re open to criticism or even ridicule but many pro- ed most excellent atmosphere for the drama shown pictures.

Now that is changed.

n the scenario of *The Ghost Goes West* you will find ections to include the noise of a motor, the smashing a glass, the chiming of a clock and the firing of a chine-gun. You will find directions regarding where sic should begin and stop.

The cinema orchestra and the cinema-effects man re vanished, and with them have gone sub-titles.

n the place of sub-titles we have dialogue, and it is e useful to point out that with the coming of dialogue ing pictures tended at first to be little more than otographed stage plays.

For a time the film-going public was so engrossed the novelty of films being able to talk at all that nost any sort of drama was accepted as entertain- nt.

That period passed, and filmgoers began to demand uine films.

Now we have reached the point when picture and

dialogue music and effects can be welded into something as complete as an organism.

The actual welding is done in the process called editing, but here we are concerned only with the elements which must be provided to make the work of the editor as easy as possible.

Dialogue should be progressive and concise and natural.

To make dialogue progressive means that the writer must keep his mind ahead of the action on the screen.

The first spoken words in *The Ghost Goes West* are, 'What are we waiting for?'

These first five words are progressive. They indicate that something unusual is to happen. They arouse expectation.

That simple exclamation is given urgency by the nature of its setting. The film goes off the mark like a racehorse.

Mr. Korda once said to me that all films should establish interest in the mind of the spectator in three minutes.

In twelve scenes in *The Ghost Goes West* the entire theme of the feud between the Glouries and the MacLaggans is established in just under 265 feet.

The length of film projected in three minutes is 270 feet.

Dialogue when not progressive should be highly dramatic or highly humorous.

In writing for films you are writing for an audience of millions.

You must, therefore, be readily and easily understood.

Your dialogue may be as clever as you can make it, but it must never be abstruse.

Generally, the best dialogue is the briefest dialogue.

The aim of the film writer should be to go straight to the heart of the whole matter with pith and point.

When Murdoch exclaims, 'Father, I don't like America,' we have an example of perfect dialogue.

From an early part of the film we have been looking forward to what an ancient Scottish ghost would think of modern America. Here is the answer in the fewest possible words.

This same exclamation also shows how dialogue should rise naturally out of a situation. Murdoch has found himself in the middle of a machine-gun battle, and his cry not only gives the answer we have been waiting for regarding America, but is also a humorous comment on an aspect of American life made familiar in many gangster films.

Film dialogue must be prepared with the same exactitude as the frames of a film are cut.

When sound was first introduced into films it was thought that all sounds should be recorded. That thought was probably justified, since sound was a novelty.

Sound is no longer a novelty, and film producers have learned to eliminate sounds which are not essential to action.

Just as the camera has learned to select what the spectator will wish to see, so the microphone has learned to listen only to what the spectator will wish to hear.

Picture and dialogue and sound are now so closely welded together as to make a complete dramatic unity, as in the Shots 114 to 118, showing the reactions of various characters to the imagined presence of a ghost.

The combination of picture and dialogue and sound

is governed by the consideration whether the origin of the sound or dialogue is more or less important than the effect of the sound or dialogue. It may be more necessary to show the reaction of a character to a speech than to show the speaker.

Just as a piece of music must be scored to a selected orchestra, so the pictures and dialogue and sounds of a film story must be scored to a selected studio.

The writer need not provide this scoring, but he should know that this is the process to which his story will be submitted in the preparation of a scenario.

4. Mobility of Narrative

Here we come to one of the most important aspects of film writing.

I have already approached this subject under the heading of Transitions in seeking to show the manner in which one scene may succeed another. I have tried to show that the process of cutting pieces of film into short lengths yields the illusion of speed.

Now, this matter of transition must be developed in the light of what has been said regarding dialogue and sound.

I have found writers—even of great experience—who regard mobility of film narrative as a mere matter of transport.

It may be amazing to writers—who are simple people—to find that a motion-picture camera can follow a character round the world or even into another world, but such mobility is a commonplace to the film-goer.

In film making novelties are constantly becoming commonplaces. Actual physical transport ceased to

be dramatic at about the time the first motor buses appeared on the streets of London.

Films have made roads and streets and railways and the highways of the sea and the sky as familiar to film-goers as their own back yards.

Unless a process is interesting and novel in itself, it cannot be effectively presented without accompanying drama.

Some time ago it was interesting and novel to see a character in a film seize a telephone and go through the process of dialling to get a number. Now all film-goers know about the automatic telephone, and the business of dialling is no longer usable unless it has exceptional significance.

Mobility of narrative is gained, not by constant change of setting, but by constant reason for change of setting.

As far as settings are concerned, the writer must be concerned not with *where*, but with *why*.

The figure of a man walking along Regent Street would be quite unjustified in a film if the only meaning of the walk was to show the man going from Oxford Circus to Piccadilly Circus—but this simple action might be made intensely interesting and laden with suspense if you knew that another man was waiting to shoot him when he arrived at Piccadilly Circus.

Suspense is the secret of what I have called mobility of narrative.

The foundation of suspense is motive.

The moment you introduce into a film story a theme which is not the result of one set of circumstances and the cause of another set of actions, your mobility of narrative is arrested.

You should note in Shots 53 to 64 how the scenario

is governed by the consideration whether the ori
of the sound or dialogue is more or less important th
the effect of the sound or dialogue. It may be mo
necessary to show the reaction of a character to
speech than to show the speaker.

Just as a piece of music must be scored to a select
orchestra, so the pictures and dialogue and sounds
a film story must be scored to a selected studio.

The writer need not provide this scoring, but h
should know that this is the process to which his stor
will be submitted in the preparation of a scenario.

4. Mobility of Narrative

Here we come to one of the most important aspects
of film writing.

I have already approached this subject under the
heading of Transitions in seeking to show the manner
in which one scene may succeed another. I have tried
to show that the process of cutting pieces of film int
short lengths yields the illusion of speed.

Now, this matter of transition must be developed
the light of what has been said re dialogue a
sound.

I have found experien
who regard mobility a mere m
of transport.

It may be amazing o are s
people—to find that a camera
follow a
world, but such mo
film-goer.

In

and yet this simple situation—played and over-played in a thousand disguises—still holds its thrill.

In popular drama the menace is immortal.

Mobility of narrative is not a matter of short cutting as in Shots 248 to 264. The writer should not be concerned with the breaking of a scene into shots any more than the composer of music need be concerned with the fact that two bars of his music may contain 500 notes when fully orchestrated.

What does concern the writer is that he must supply the movitation for such mobility. The writer should regard himself as a dealer in emotion and should be content to leave the mechanics of film making to film producers.

He should be very well content to do so since there are quite a number of producers who are so taken up with technique and what they call 'touches' that they practically forget they are supposed to tell a story.

5. Audience Contact

Here we approach one of the most contentious aspects of film writing.

At one extreme we have those who argue that the film should educate and elevate the film-goer. They say the place and purpose of the film is to teach and to preach. They hold that every film should contain a message and should provoke serious thought.

At another extreme we have those who argue that the film belongs to the masses. They claim that the film should observe no artistic standards. They defend the production of crude and vulgar films on the ground that they are catering to crude and vulgar people. They refer to film-goers in general as 'the mob'. The

sort of film they like to make is that of which they can say in advance, 'The mob will eat it.'

Somewhere between these extremes is the truth.

The average weekly attendance at cinemas in Britain is 18,500,000.

If so many people were all of one mind our problem would be simple. They are not all of one mind, and in order to preserve some semblance of sanity I have created for myself a person whom I call the Average Film-goer.

He has been my guide for sixteen years.

He is a curious fellow. I think I must have found him in *Alice in Wonderland*, since he changes so much in outward appearance and yet inwardly remains the same.

He is a clever fellow. He has made the film world teeter in what it calls Cycles.

A Cycle is not a cycle. It merely means that one type of drama goes into a decline.

It begins by one producer making a highly successful film, and it goes on and down and out by other producers making a series of imitations of descending merit.

The film writer should ignore this phenomenon. He should not seek to imitate any film.

One of the most successful writers of films in Hollywood—Frances Marion—takes her ideas from real life. She finds many themes in newspapers, and it is significant that she specializes in emotional drama. Her films include *The Big House*, *Min and Bill*, *Emma*, and *The Champ*.

The Champ was written as the result of seeing a small boy following with adoration a middle aged man with all the marks of a broken-down boxer.

Frances Marion believes that audience contact is best made by chooisng a human situation and a strong character.

She thinks plot is less important than character, and declares that a strong character writes its own plot.

A film differs from all other arts or entertainments, in that it must capture the interest of an enormous audience with great speed.

In Britain alone the average film is seen by nearly 3,000,000 people. A great many films fall below this average, so that films of exceptional merit have commanded audiences of 15,000,000.

The life of a film is short. Only in rare cases are films revived after the period of their general release. This must remain true while the film is making such rapid technical progress. Generally the vigorous life of a film is exhausted in from six to eight weeks as far as what the film industry calls 'big money' is concerned.

During these six to eight weeks of general release—by the present flooding system—a film may be seen at every cinema in any one area for one week only as an exception and for three days only as a general rule.

It is generally agreed within the film trade that this system—by which all cinemas in one area show the same films at the same time—is injurious to the film industry.

It has been estimated that the receipts of cinemas in the London area alone would increase by £100,000 a week if this system could be discarded.

The system seems, however, to be too firmly established to be changed, so that the writer is faced with the fact that his work must make immediate appeal or fail.

Almost any theme—given simplicity and sincerity of

treatment—may arrive at this measure of appeal, but certain themes are inevitably more congenial than others to audiences numbered by the million.

The elemental emotions—love, laughter, conflict, sacrifice and achievement—are to be found in nearly all greatly successful films.

Romance is the most certain point of contact with a film audience, and the peculiar quality of film romance is that it must be capable of being accepted as reality.

That is why fantasy and satire are dangerous materials for the film-writer.

Film drama should be easily understandable and film characters should be likeable.

It is most important to keep in mind that the Average Film-goer likes to project himself or herself into the story of a film.

There are a few exceptions to this rule—such as the occasional success of horror films—but, for all practical purposes, the rule is infallible.

This wish on the part of film-goers to dramatize themselves means that the film writer should present a world in which the film-goer can believe.

The film writer should regard the Average Film-goer, not as a chartered accountant examining his books, but as a partner in his business.

The Average Film-goer is not interested in the detailed analysis of exotic or esoteric emotions. He is interested in himself, and he would very much like the film writer to present that self in happier and in more heroic circumstances than he finds in drab reality.

He likes the writer who takes him on a happy and heroic adventure, but only when he can imagine himself taking part in that adventure.

That is the meaning of Audience Contact.

In writing for films, you write, not for, but with your audience.

Hence the best film drama is the drama of achievement.

In *The Ghost Goes West* there is double achievement. Donald wins the lady of his heart. Murdoch makes the last of the MacLaggans bite the well-known dust.

We have a romantic achievement and a humourous achievement.

Therefore, apart from subtlety of production, we have in this film the basic emotions which invite the Average Film-goer to identify himself with its action.

It should not be imagained that such considerations are trifles. We are in search of simplicity.

It follows from this attitude on the part of the film-goer that a real background is to be preferred to an imaginary background.

It follows that characters in films should have an occupation.

The idle rich are highly unpopular in films.

Stories of failure should not be written for films.

Here I have tried to give you a portrait of my Average Film-goer.

He is not intellectual, but he is shrewdly sensible. He is highly emotional, but he is quick to resent insincerity. He wants to be amused and he likes to be uplifted. He is not morbid and he hates to be depressed. He enjoys what he calls a good laugh and a good cry.

6. Characteristics of Narrative

In an earlier page I have said that the film is making rapid technical progress. I shall now add to that

statement by saying that film technique is suffering from growing pains.

There is a tendency on the part of some film producers to make films for each other rather than for my Average Film-goer.

This tendency is not new. For the past twenty years it has been the most persistent of film Cycles! The writer should ignore it. It will pass when film producers remember that the foundation of a film is a story, and it will come again when film producers forget that fact.

That is the reason for my having dealt with the difficult problem of writing for films, not from the technical, but from the emotional point of view.

The more I see of films, the less I value extravagance in film technique.

The writer who attempts to follow the fluctuations of film technique places himself under a heavy handicap, since there are as many forms of technique as there are film producers.

What is essential to the film writer is a frame of mind in which he is receptive to the wishes of film-goers.

Alexander Korda has told me that he makes films to please himself. But Alexander Korda has a lively sense of humour, and he does not explain that the self he pleases is a producer who had studied film making in Budapest, Vienna, Rome, Berlin and Hollywood before coming to London to inspire the creation of a British film industry of sensitive artistic standards.

Alexander Korda does not make films to please himself. He makes films to please his experience.

I have found no one more precise in his analysis of a story or more exacting in the preparation of a scenario.

In these things and in choosing his subjects for films, he is inordinately jealous of the prestige of the film industry, and I feel it may be said with truth that he has proved that prestige and popularity may dwell happily side by side.

The task of the film writer is to find a theme of direct human appeal. This theme must be emotional. It may be humorous or it may be serious. It must be constructive. In the beginning it must set out to do something and before it ends that something must be done.

Cynical commentators on films speak with scorn of the Happy Ending.

The Happy Ending should not be scorned. It is the logical climax to the point of view essential to the film writer.

The Happy Ending became despised because so many film narratives were distorted to yield a Hearts and Flowers fade-out. If the Happy Ending is forced upon a narrative, it becomes an unhappy ending. The Happy Ending is the logical ending. It is the ending inherent in the film theme. It is the Inevitable Ending.

It may be humorous or romantic or heroic or tragic. It must be the commonsense outcome of the combinations and permutations of the characters and situations having preceded it.

That is one reason why the Frances Marion theory, that a strong character will write its own plot, deserves serious study.

Now, if you will accept this human aspect of writing for films, five characteristics of film narrative should be considered.

The first is the necessity of stating a theme with great speed.

statement by saying that film technique is suffering from growing pains.

There is a tendency on the part of some film producers to make films for each other rather than for my Average Film-goer.

This tendency is not new. For the past twenty years it has been the most persistent of film Cycles! The writer should ignore it. It will pass when film producers remember that the foundation of a film is a story, and it will come again when film producers forget that fact.

That is the reason for my having dealt with the difficult problem of *writing for films, not from the* technical, but from the emotional point of view.

The more I see of films, the less I value extravagance in film technique.

The writer who attempts to follow the fluctuations of film technique places himself under a heavy handicap, since there are as many forms of technique as there are film producers.

What is essential to the film-writer is a frame of mind in which he is receptive to the wishes of film-goers.

Alexander Korda has told me that he makes films to please himself. But Alexander Korda has a lively sense of humour, and he does not explain that the self he pleases is a producer who had studied film making in Budapest, Vienna, Rome, Berlin and Hollywood before coming to London to inspire the creation of a British film industry of sensitive artistic standards.

Alexander Korda does not make films to please himself. He makes films to please his experience.

I have found no one more precise in his analysis of a story or more exacting in the preparation of a scenario

In these things and in choosing his subjects for films, he is inordinately jealous of the prestige of the film industry, and I feel it may be said with truth that he has proved that prestige and popularity may dwell happily side by side.

The task of the film writer is to find a theme of direct human appeal. This theme must be emotional. It may be humorous or it may be serious. It must be constructive. In the beginning it must set out to do something and before it ends that something must be done.

Cynical commentators on films speak with scorn of the Happy Ending.

The Happy Ending should not be scorned. It is the logical climax to the point of view essential to the film writer.

The Happy Ending became despised because so many film narratives were distorted to yield a Hearts and Flowers fade-out. If the Happy Ending is forced upon a narrative, it becomes an unhappy ending. The Happy Ending is the logical ending. It is the ending inherent in the film theme. It is the Inevitable Ending.

It may be humorous or romantic or heroic or tragic. It must be the commonsense outcome of the combinations and permutations of the characters and situations having preceded it.

That is one reason why the Frances Marion theory, that a strong character will write its own plot, deserves serious study.

Now, if you will accept this human aspect of writing for films, five characteristics of film narrative should be considered.

The first is the necessity of stating a theme with great speed.

Some old-fashioned novels opened almost imperceptibly with a prolonged weather report, a general description of a district, a detailed description of an old manor house and a series of observations on its inhabitants and their ancestors.

These novels are admirable examples for the film writer to avoid.

I have already said that the film writer has a maximum of 270 feet of film—occupying three minutes—in which to present his theme by the swift introduction of characters and settings.

Quoting from Plutarch:

'When Demosthenes was asked what was the first part of oratory, he answered, "Action", and what was the second, he answered, "Action", and what was the third, he still answered "Action"'.

Demosthenes should be the patron saint of film-craft.

There is—or there ought to be—kinship between an orator and a film producer.

Both should capture the interest of their audiences at once. Both should hold the attention of their audiences. Both should arrive at an effective ending. A peroration is a climax. a climax is a peroration.

The beginning of a film should, therefore, be striking. In *The Coast Goes West* it is striking indeed when the MacLaggans strike the main door of Glourie Castle and so tell us immediately of the feud between the MacLaggans and the Glouries.

A film, having gained an audience, must proceed to the more difficult task of holding an audience.

We come, therefore, to the second characteristic of film narrative, which is motive.

Stated in the simplest terms, drama is not *what*, but *why*. That statement may be as old as Demosthenes.

but, as far as films are concerned, it is as new as next year's masterpiece.

When a film director asks a scenario writer to adapt a story to films, he instructs him to see that every sequence has its motive.

Motive is the secret of flowing continuity of action. The absence of motive is the explanation of the spasms by which a poor film unfolds its theme.

Motive is a powerful aid not only to maintaining interest, but also to creating the semblance of reality. It is difficult to imagine any story failing to be credible if motive is closely knit into its fabric.

The modern film-goer insists on films presenting credible people in credible situations, and the writer can measure his success in credibility by his success in motive.

Motive will hold the attention of any film audience, but to thrill a film audience use should be made of the third characteristic of film narrative, which is suspense.

Here we have the most powerful ally of the film writer.

One of the most usual errors in film writing is to offer surprise as a substitute for suspense.

The film-goer resents being surprised. He likes to be taken into the confidence of the author. He rejoices to see the characters of a film surprise each other.

Most of all he appreciates the device of having a character walk unwittingly into a situation which the film-goer knows to be waiting.

Just as a serial story ends each instalment with a curtain designed to create in the reader intense eagerness to know what is to happen next, so a number of

points of suspense are essential to give tension to film narrative.

Dramatic sequences must vary greatly in length according to their nature, but examination of many films has shown that the average distance between these points of suspense is 700 feet.

Suspense is therefore closely allied to the placing and the spacing of incident, which brings us to the fourth characteristic of film narrative, which is tempo.

In its application to film production tempo is a highly technical matter concerning the writer of the scenario, the producer, the director and the editor.

The original author is not concerned with these stages of film making, but he should realize the importance of providing a narrative of evenly balanced incident.

A film-writer is like a motorist in heavy traffic.

The speed position of such a motorist is governed by the circumstances around him. He will keep his station on the road. He will not seek to diverge from his line. He will neither overtake nor be overtaken.

At the same time—with the wide vision of the experienced motorist—he will be able to appreciate in brief moments the scenery and incidents of his journey.

That is precisely the position of the film writer.

The technique of his craft compels concentration on his chosen theme. This concentration is another reason for the statement of theme or plot with all possible speed and explains why it is impossible to introduce a new character into a film after the first half of its length.

The belated introduction of a character should not be attempted by a film writer, since the film-goer will

resent being surprised and will accuse the writer of having cheated him.

The film writer should keep in mind that the film-goer wants to be with him—to stand alongside him and to observe with him the actions and reactions of his characters.

Hence, the fifth characteristic of film narrative is understatement.

The film writer should take the film-goer so completely into his confidence that he is able to practise the art of elimination.

The relationship between a film writer and a film-goer is so intimate that the film-goer should be allowed to write a part of the story.

This attitude on the part of the film-goer is greatly in favour of the writer, since it allows him to achieve great speed in narrative.

It is essential that all omissions, eliminations or understatements should be understood, but the fact that film writing offers such opportunity for the practice of one of the most difficult aspects of art makes it the complicated and captivating thing it is.

I have attempted here, not to explain how any one may write for films, but to explain to those who can write what is the attitude of mind the film writer should strive to possess if his aim is popular success not entirely divorced from artistic ambition.

Many years ago when I asked David Wark Griffith what the film writer should strive to do he replied:

'Make them laugh; make them cry; make them wait.'

Emotion plus suspense is the film formula discovered by the man who made an acknowledged art.

His formula is still good. All of it to-day is true, but David Wark Griffith, by raising the film from the

NOTES

These are the general principles of film writing, aimed at gaining the approval of the largest possible audience.

The reader will now be able to observe how these principles were applied to the short story, 'Sir Tristram Goes West', written by Eric Keown and here reprinted by kind permission of the proprietors of *Punch*.

It should be noted how the film director, René Clair, and the dramatist, Robert Sherwood, have added to Eric Keown's gay conception romance and plot value in order to achieve the audience contact I have stressed as essential to successful film writing.

René Clair has very kindly contributed to this work an essay on the cinematic qualities of 'Sir Tristram Goes West', and I am privileged also to be able to present the first film treatment prepared by him and Robert Sherwood.

In this treatment the reader will find a film taking shape in broad outline.

The reproduction of subsequent treatments would have extended this work to inordinate length.

I acknowledge the courtesy of London Film Productions in having made it possible to present the first scenario offered to the public with scenes measured in feet and frames.

This very brilliant scenario shows that popular appeal, good taste and high artistry may all appear together. The student should analyse this scenario and should prepare from it his own synopsis in the form of a short story with description and dialogue. If he will do this and compare his work with the timing of the action of the film he will arrive at an understanding of the spacing in a story designed for film production.

II

REPRINT OF 'SIR TRISTRAM GOES WEST'

BY ERIC KEOWN

§ 1

THREE men sat and talked at the long table in the library of Moat Place. Many dramatic conversations had occurred in that mellow and celebrated room, some of them radically affecting whole pages of English history; but none so vital as this to the old house itself. For its passport was being visèd to the United States.

Lord Mullion sighed gently. He was wondering whether, if a vote could be taken amongst his ancestors —most of those florid portraits had already crossed the Atlantic—they would condemn or approve his action. Old Red Roger, his grandfather, would have burnt the place round him rather than sell an inch of it. But then Red Roger had never been up against an economic crisis. And at that moment, the afternoon sun flooding suddenly the great oriel window, a vivid shaft of light stabbed the air like a rapier and illuminated Mr. Julius Plugg's cheque-book, which was lying militantly on the table.

'Would you go to forty thousand?' asked Lord Mullion.

Mr. Plugg's bushy eyebrows climbed a good half-inch. When they rose further a tremor was usually discernible in Wall Street.

'I'll say it's a tall price for an old joint,' he said. 'Well—I might.'

Lord Mullion turned to the Eminent Architect. 'You're absolutely certain that the house can be successfully replanted in Mr. Plugg's back garden, like a damned azalea?'

The Eminent Architect, whose passion happened to be Moat Place, also sighed. 'Bigger houses than this have been moved. It'll be a cracking job, but there's no real snag. I recommend that for greater safety the library be sent by liner. The main structure can go by cargo-boat.'

The shaft of sunlight was still playing suggestively on the golden cover of the cheque-book. Sadly Lord Mullion inclined his head.

'Very well, Mr. Plugg. It's yours,' he said.

A gasp of childish delight escaped the Pokerface of American finance. 'That's swell,' he cried, 'that's dandy! And, now it's fixed, would you give me the the low-down on a yarn I've heard about a family spook? Punk?'

'On the contrary,' said Lord Mullion, 'he's quite the most amusing ghost in this part of the country. But I shouldn't think he'll bother you.'

'Any one ever seen him?'

'I saw him yesterday, sitting over there by the window.'

Mr. Plugg sprang round apprehensively. 'Doing what?' he demanded.

'Just dreaming. He was a poet, you know.'

'A poet? Hey, Earl, are you getting funny?'

'Not a bit, We know all about him. Sir Tristram Mullion, laid out by a Roundhead pike at Naseby. He must have been pretty absent-minded; probably he forgot about the battle until somebody hit him, and then it was too late. The story goes that his father, a

fire-eating old Royalist, got so bored at always finding his eldest son mooning about the library when he might have been out trailing CROMWELL that when he was dying he laid a curse on Tristram which could only be expunged by a single-handed act of valour. Tristram rode straight off to Naseby and got it in the neck in the first minute. So he's still here, wandering about this library, never getting a chance to do anything more heroic than a couplet. And he wasn't even a particularly good poet.'

Mr. Plugg had regained command of himself. 'I seem to have read somewhere of a ghost crossing the Atlantic with a shack,' he said, 'but that won't rattle a tough baby like me, and I doubt if your spook and I'd have much in common. How about having the lawyers in and signing things up?'

§ 2

The s.s. *Extravaganza* was carving her way steadily through the calm and moonlit surface of the Atlantic. The thousand portholes in her steep sides blazed, and the air was sickly with the drone of saxophones. It was as though a portion of the new Park Lane had taken to the water.

Down in the dim light of No. 3 Hold a notable event had just taken place. Sir Tristram Mullion had emerged from nowhere and was standing there, very nearly opaque with surprise and irritation. His activities had been confined to the Moat Place library for so long that he could think of no good reason why he should suddenly materialize in this strange dungeon. That it was a dungeon he had little doubt. Its sole furniture was a number of large packing-cases marked

'JULIUS PLUGG, ARARAT, U.S.A.', and they were too high for even a ghost to sit upon with comfort. Tristram decided to explore.

The first person he encountered in the upper reaches of the ship was Alfred Bimsting, a young steward, who cried, 'The Fancy Dress ain't on till to-morrow, Sir,' and then pardonably fainted as he saw Tristram pass clean through a steel partition. . . .

Sitting up on high stools at the bar, Professor Gupp, the historian, and an unknown Colonel were getting all argumentative over the *Extravaganza's* special brown sherry.

'My dear fellow,' the Professor was saying, 'whatever you may say about Marston Moor, Naseby showed RUPERT to be a very great cavalry leader. Very great indeed."

'Nonsense!' growled the Colonel. 'A hot-headed young fool. FAIRFAX was the better soldier in every way.'

'I tell you——' the Professor began when he became aware of a presence at his elbow—a handsome young man in the clothes of a Cavalier.

'Frightfully sorry to interrupt,' said Tristram (for acquaintance with the young Mullions had kept his idiom level with the fashion), 'but as a matter of fact I used to know RUPERT and FAIRFAX pretty well, and you can take it from me they were a couple of insufferable bores. RUPERT was a shockin' hearty, always slappin' you on the back, and FAIRFAX was a pompous old fool. As for Naseby, it was a hell of a mess.'

Professor Gupp hiccupped. 'Young man,' he said reprovingly, 'I am driven to conclude that you have been drinking to excess. It may interest you to know that I am the author of the standard monograph on Naseby.'

'It may interest *you* to know,' Tristram cried rather dramatically, 'that I was killed there.' And he faded through the black glass wall of the refrigerator with such startling ease that neither Professor Gupp nor the Colonel could ever face Very Old Solera again. . . .

After the dazzle of strip-lights and chromium Tristram was glad to find himself out on the promenade deck, which was deserted. It was nearly three hundred years since he had been to sea, returning from the French Court in considerable disgrace, having lost his dispatches; but, aided by the traditional adaptability of the ghost and the aristocrat, he noted with unconcern the tremendous pace at which the waves were flying past and the vast scarlet funnels towering above, which seemed to him to salute the moon so insuitably (he was a poet, remember) with great streamers of heavy black smoke. As he paced the deck he meditated the opening rhymes of a brief ode to the heavens. . . .

Meanwhile, in the the convenient shadow of Lifeboat 5, a stout politician was surprised to find himself proposing marriage to his secretary, who with a more practised eye had seen it coming ever since Southampton. He was warming up to it nicely. Not for nothing had he devoted a lifetime to the mastery of circumambient speech.

'And though I cannot offer you, my dear, either the frivolities of youth or the glamour of an hereditary title, I am asking you to share a position which I believe to carry a certain distinction——" Here he broke off abruptly as Tristram appeared in the immediate neighbourhood and leaned dreamily over the rail.

There was an embarrassing silence, of which the

secretary took advantage to repair the ravages of the politician's first kiss.

'Would you oblige me, Sir, by going away?' he boomed in the full round voice that regularly hypnotised East Dimbury into electing him.

Tristram made no answer. He was trying hard to remember if 'tune' made an impeccable rhyme to 'moon'.

'Confound you, Sir,' cried the Politician, 'are you aware that you are intruding upon a sacred privacy?'

Tristram genuinely didn't hear. He was preparing to let 'boon' have it, or, if necessary, 'loon'.

The Politician heaved his bulk out of his deck-chair and fetched Tristram a slap on the shoulder. But of course as you can't do that with a properly disembodied matured-in-the-wood ghost, all that happened was that the Politician's hand sank through Tristram like a razor through dripping and was severely bruised on the rail. It was left to the secretary to console him, for Tristram was gone.

And then, rumours of Tristram's strange interludes percolating through the ship, all at once he became the centre of a series of alarming enfilading movements. The young Tuppenny-Berkeleys and their friends, who had been holding a sausage-and-*peignoir* party in the swimming-bath, bore down upon him waving *Leberwursts* and crowing 'Tally-ho! The jolly old Laughing Cavalier!' Cavalierly was the way he treated them. Sweeping off his hat to young Lady Catherine, he nodded coldly to the others and walked straight through his brother, a young Guardsman, who was to dine out on the experience for nearly half a century.

The main staircase was already blocked with excited

passengers. At the top of it stood the Chief Stewardess, a vast and imposing figure. Just for fun (for he was beginning to enjoy his little outing—and so would you if you had been stuck in a mouldy library for three hundred years) Tristram flung his arms gallantly round her neck and cried, 'Your servant, Madam!' The poor woman collapsed mountainously into the arms of a Bolivian millionaire, who consequently collapsed too, in company with the three poorer millionaires who were behind him.

At this point the Captain arrived and advanced majestically. To the delight of the company Tristram picked up a large potted palm and thrust it dustily into his arms.[1] Then, with a courtly bow to the crowd and a valedictory gesture of osculation, he disappeared backwards through a massive portrait of ALBERT THE GOOD.

On the way back to No. 3 Hold he sped through the Athenian Suite. In it the new lord of Moat Place lay on his bed in his pink silken underwear, pondering on the triumph with which in a few months he would spring upon the markets the child of his dreams, his new inhumane killer for demolishing the out-of-date buildings of the world, Plugg's Pneumatic Pulveriser.

Tristram took one look at him and disliked him at sight. On the bed table lay a basin of predigested gruel. Inverting it quickly over Mr. Plugg's head, he passed on to disappear into the bowels of the ship.

§ 3

Blowzy Bolloni and Redgat Ike sat at a marble-topped table sinking synthetic gin with quiet efficiency.

[1] N.B.—Can't a ghost grip? I say it can.

They had spent the afternoon emptying several machine-guns into a friend, so they were rather tired.

'I've given Bug and Toledo the line-up,' Bolloin said. 'It's a wow. Toledo's in cahoots with one of Plugg's maids ond she spilled the beans. The stuff's in his new safe in the library—see? Any hop-head could fetch it out. Is that oke?'

'Mebbe it'll mean a grand all round, eh?' asked Redgat.

'Or two.' And Bolloni winked.

'That'll be mighty nice. You want my ukulele?'

'Yeah. But I got a huneh heaters 'll be enough.'

They called for another snort of hooch, testing its strength in the approved gangster way by dipping a finger in it. The nail remaining undissolved, they drank confidently.

§ 4

In the library of the reassembled Moat Place, Julius Plugg squirmed on a divan and cursed his folly in not entrusting the secret plans of his Pulveriser to the strong-room of his factory. Only a simp would have asked for it by briogiog them home, he told himself bluotly. But it was too late now to do anything about them, for he was roped down as tightly as a thrown steer. Also he was gagged with his own handkerchief, a circumstance which gave him literally a pain in the neck.

Mrs. Plugg, similarly captive in the big arm-chair had shed her normal dignity in a way which would have startled the Ararat Branch of the Women's Watch and Ward Fellowship, over which she presided. Her head was completely obscured by a large wicker

wastepaper-basket, and through it there filtered strange canine noises.

As for Hiram Plugg, the leader of sophomore fashion, he was lashed so firmly to the suit of armour in the corner that it positively hurt him to blink; for before the high rewards of ace-gunning had attracted Blowzy Bolloni to the civilization of the West he had helped his father with his fishing-nets in Sicily, and it was now his boast that he could tie a victim up quicker and more unpleasantly than any other gangster in the States.

At the back of the library Redgat Ike lounged gracefully on the table with a finger curled ready round the trigger of a Thompson sub-machine-gun, trained on the door. He grinned amiably as he thought how bug-house the servants had looked as they went down before his little chloroform-squirt, the cook clutching a rolling-pin and the butler muttering he'd rung the cops already—the poor bozo not knowing the wire had been cut an hour before. Oh, it was a couple of grands for nothing, a show like this. Redgat couldn't think why every one wasn't a gangster.

Bolloni and Toledo and the Bug, who had been searching the panels for signs of the safe, gave it up and gathered round the prostrate form of Mr. Plugg, who snarled at them as fiercely as he could manage through his nose.

'Come on, Mister,' said Bolloni, 'we ain't playing Hunt the Slipper any more. You'd better squawk where that tin box is *and* its combination. Otherwise my boy-friend over there might kinda touch his toy by mistake, and that's good-bye to that teapot dome of yours.' He smiled evilly at Redgat, who smiled back and swung the machine-gun into line with Mr. Plugg's bald head.

'Have his comforter out and see what he says,' suggested Toledo. But, shorn of much pungent criticism of the gangsters and their heredity, all Mr. Plugg said was, 'There's no safe here, you big bunch of saps.'

Most sailormen are practical and many are crude. Bolloni was both. Replacing the gag in Mr. Plugg's champing jaws, he drew from his pocket a twelve-bore shot-gun sawn off at the breech and pressed it persuasively against Mr. Plugg's ample stomach. With his other hand he took a firm grip of the magnate's moustache and began to heave.

'When you sorta remember about the safe,' he said, 'give three toots on your nose.'

Who would blame Mr. Plugg? Gathering together his remaining breath, he let out a first toot which would have done honour to a Thames tug. He was filling up with air for a second one when suddenly the three gangsters sprang round as if stung. Painfully he turned his head, to see a strange figure standing by the book-shelves. (You've got it first guess. It *was*.)

Tristram hadn't noticed the others. He was poring over a set of SPENSER when Redgat slid back his trigger, and it was not until a heavy ·45 bullet tore the book from his hand that he realized that something was happening. A stream of lead was hurtling through him and turning a priceless edition of BOCCACCIO to pulp, but he felt nothing. He was filled only with resentment at such ill-mannered interruption.

None of the gangsters had ever seen a man take fifty bullets in the chest and remain perpendicular. The sight unnerved them. Redgat continued to fire as accurately as before, but the other three stood irresolute.

Before Bolloni could dodge him Tristram had picked

up what was left of *The Faëry Queen* and brought it down with terrific force on his head, dropping him like a skittle. Boiling with rage, Tristram grabbed up *The Anatomy of Melancholy* and set about Toledo and the Bug. One of them discharged the shot-gun full in his face, but not with any great hope—— Gee! a ritzy guy in fancy-dress who only got fresher after a whole drum of slugs!

It was soon over. Redgat clung to his beloved machine-gun to the end, unable to believe that a second drum wouldn't take effect. But he, too, went down to a thundering crack on the jaw from an illustrated *Apocrypha*. . . .

Tristram began to feel very odd. For a moment he surveyed the scene, not quite comprehending what it all meant. Mrs. Plugg had swooned, which merely caused the wastepaper-basket on her head to drop from the vertical to the horizontal. Her son was clearly about to be sick. Julius Plugg, himself supine but undaunted, was making wild signals with his famous eyebrows to be released.

Then, something in his nebulous inside going queerly click, Tristram realized what was happening. At last he had been a hero. At last he was free. The hail of bullets had smashed up not only Boccaccio but his father's curse. . . .

Debating, with the exquisite detachment of the poet, whether the Pluggs would be free before the gangsters recovered, he faded imperceptibly and left them to it.

III

THE CINEMATIC QUALITY OF *SIR TRISTRAM GOES WEST*

By RENÉ CLAIR

[*René Clair—the famous French film director—who had never before collaborated with any one in the production of a film and who had never before worked in any country other than France—here tells how he was immediately attracted to the short story, 'Sir Tristram Goes West,' originally printed in* Punch *and how, from that short story, the film,* The Ghost Goes West, *was evolved with the aid of Robert Sherwood.*]

I have the greatest admiration for those film directors who can make a good film from almost any subject. These are the genuine directors of the film world, and I would hesitate to say I am of their number, since I feel I must have what I may call a gay affection for any film I direct.

When I was first told of the central idea from which *The Ghost Goes West* was built into a film, I should have felt it impossible for me to direct this film had I not instantaneously been in sympathy with the idea. It is difficult to analyze this feeling. It comes with the speed of light or not at all. If it does come, you know at once that here is a subject which is a happy one, as far as you are concerned.

It may be that I react in this way to ideas for films because I was a writer before I became a film director, and I have been accustomed, therefore, to regard my

work more from the point of view of a writer than from the point of view of a film director.

This habit may be a bad one, but it is too deeply ingrained in my nature for me to cure myself of it. You know how habit becomes in time second nature.

When, one evening in Paris, Alexander Korda told me about the short story from *Punch* and said he intended to make it into a film, I was immediately attracted by the gaiety of the theme.

At this time I was working in Paris and I was looking for material for a new film. The idea Alexander Korda brought me was treasure trove. I asked him how he thought the short story should be adapted to films.

As I should have done in his place, he refused to tell me, but he explained his refusal by saying, 'I shall keep my views to myself in the meantime—but I shall keep them for you. When you are free to come to London with your own views, then we shall discuss this idea together and you will direct the picture for London Films.'

That was how the conception of *The Ghost Goes West* began and how I was able to direct my first British Film.

It is not easy to say why a story, at first sight, appeals or fails to appeal.

The story from which *The Ghost Goes West* was taken appealed to me tremendously because of its fine imagination and the lyrical quality of its comedy.

To see a cheerful ghost pursue an unknown enemy from the eighteenth to the twentieth century and across the Atlantic Ocean seemed to me a subject ideally suited to the camera, which has not been invented solely in order to photograph characters talking

to each other at great length in society drawing-rooms or the board-rooms of Big Business.

The poetic and imaginative qualities of this subject seemed to me ideally suited to the film medium. These qualities are rare in films, but they have been brilliantly illustrated in the films of Charles Chaplin and Walt Disney.

The short story which inspired this film is called *Sir Tristram Goes West*, and was written by Eric Keown. This story is charming, and its author is one of the most charming men I have ever met.

I cannot say he is the most charming, since Robert Sherwood, who worked with us on the adaptation of the story to film form, seems to me to be in temperament the twin brother of Eric Keown.

Every time I have had the pleasure of meeting one or other of these men I have said, 'This one is the most charming,' but since I have never met them together it is impossible for me now to show any preference. That, however, does not prevent me from extolling the results of their collaboration.

Until I came to the preparation of this film, I had never before worked with an author on the preparation of a film. In France I wrote my own scenarios, my own dialogue and often my own plots.

My lack of knowledge of the English language and of English life made it impossible for me to follow the same method in preparing *The Ghost Goes West*.

I cannot here thank every one who helped me in the difficult task confronting a director who is transplanted for the first time into a new country, but I must thank Eric Keown, Robert Sherwood and Alexander Korda —the godfather of this film—for the happy collaboration which resulted in our Ghost going West with triumph.



IV

A FIRST TREATMENT OF *THE GHOST GOES WEST*

THE reader will note from this treatment of the story which became the film scenario that in some instances the action has been compressed or extended or completely changed.

Sequences have been transported; some have been omitted and some have been added but the general plan of the film is here.

From this general plan or outline another treatment is prepared with greater detail; with added pieces of dialogue which make some sequences more important to the narrative and others less important.

In order not to embarrass the reader I have omitted three long sequences which were dropped entirely.

These were one showing the dismantling of the castle; one in which Murdoch learns in advance that his ancient home is to be transported abroad; and one on board ship introducing an element of jealousy into the romance between Peggy and Donald.

The omission of these sequences has straightened the central shaft of the narrative, which has been strengthened by such elements as the expansion of the reception of the ghost in New York and by the inspiration which made Ed Bigelow himself the last of the MacLaggans, and so transformed the climax.

Sequence 1.

The action opens at the Castle of the Glouries in Scotland 200 years ago.

In the courtyard six horses are being held by grooms. These horses belong to the MacLaggans who enter the Castle pushing servants aside and penetrating into the main hall where the Glourie—desperately ill—will have no medicine but whisky.

The MacLaggan says:

'All the men in my family are to-day going to battle and are glad that not a single Glourie will be in our army.'

The Glourie—infuriated—replies:

'I would go myself if I were not so ill. Only one of my sons—Murdoch—is old enough to go to war, and when the time comes he will prove that the Glouries know how to fight.'

The MacLaggans burst into laughter. The MacLaggan says:

'Murdoch! We saw him on our way here. He was in a field playing with some girls—a better occupation for a Glourie than going to war.'

The Glourie sends a servant for his son saying:

'When he comes he will know how to deal with you.'

The MacLaggans laugh again. The MacLaggan says:

'Before going to the war, where we may all find death, I tell you that the MacLaggans despise the Glouries.'

The Glourie tries to rise. As the MacLaggans leave he cries:

'My son will find you on the field of battle and avenge this insult.'

Sequence 2.

Murdoch Glourie is in a field playing a game of forfeits with some girls. Murdoch is a brave fighter,

but he likes the ladies and is spending a last hour in their company before going to war.

The servant sent by the Glourie informs Murdoch that his father wants him at once, but Murdoch delays to collect a kiss.

Sequence 3.

Murdoch leaves for the war. His father is carried to the door to see him off and says:

'Do not forget to deal with the MacLaggan.'

Murdoch replies:

'I can't. He is too old.'

The Glourie cries:

'Then deal with his sons. Remember what I have told you. Until you have avenged our name I shall not sleep in peace.'

His servants try to calm him, but he demands another glass of whisky. He drinks and says:

'The honour of the Glouries will be avenged. I can die in peace.'

The glass falls from his hand. He dies.

Sequence 4.

On the battlefield.

Murdoch arrives and is interested in a cannon. He has its working explained to him. He remembers he must seek out the MacLaggans. He says:

'Before I fight the English I must slap the face of a MacLaggan.'

The cannon is fired. The shot brings down a tree in the Scottish camp. Murdoch runs to recover the cannon ball and finds a girl frightened by the noise and hiding in a thicket.

Every night when the clock strikes twelve you will walk abroad in search of a MacLaggan.'

Sequence 6.

The present day.

Glourie Castle is a ruin. The last of the Glouries is a young man, Donald, who lives poorly and is in debt. Establish that the ghost of Murdoch is familiar to the people of the castle and that all except Donald are afraid of the ghost walking at midnight.

Sequence 7.

A lovely American girl, Peggy Martin, arrives at the castle by car and walks in. This is easy, since the main door hangs almost off its hinges and for sixty years it has been impossible to close it.

The hall is deserted. Peggy walks to the library, which is also empty. She returns to the hall. She sees a man and says:

'I should like to speak to the owner of the castle.'

The man says:

'So should I.'

Without further explanation he leaves her.

The man is one of several creditors who have been trying to collect debts from Donald.

The creditors are gathered in the kitchen, where Mrs. MacNiff, the housekeeper, is trying to get rid of them by saying the castle is to be sold to some wealthy Americans.

The creditors say no one would buy a ruin with a ghost.

Donald comes face to face with Peggy, who tells him he wants to buy the castle and asks leave to bring her parents to see it.

The creditors are impressed by the only chance they have of getting their money.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin see the castle. Mr. Martin is a typically keen American business man. Mrs. Martin is terrified of ghosts and has heard of the Glourie ghost. *Peggy would rather like to meet a ghost.*

To satisfy his wife that there is no such thing as a ghost, Mr. Martin proposes to visit the castle at midnight, and Donald is compelled to invite them to dinner.

Sequence 8.

There is consternation in the kitchen.

Unless a banquet is prepared for the Martins, the deal will be off. If the ghost should walk, the deal will be off.

Mrs. MacNiff persuades the creditors to help. After much doubt, they agree to supply the food and to act as servants.

The banquet is a great success, and Mr. Martin is delighted when pipers supply music while they march round the table.

Sequence 9.

The clock shows twelve-thirty and the dining-room is empty.

In the hall Mrs. Martin waits for her husband and daughter, who are making a tour of the castle and who return to say there is no sign of a ghost.

They agree to buy the castle and to return within twenty-four hours to sign a contract.

They leave.

is driving her own car. *As she starts off she*
Donald in such a way that he is greatly

It is a wild night, with rain and wind.

Donald does not understand why the ghost has not walked, but he learns the reason when he finds Mrs. MacNiff putting back the clock, which she had put on by one hour, so that the Americans might not meet the ghost. It is only eleven-thirty.

Sequence 10.

Great relief in the castle turns to acute anxiety when Peggy returns saying her car has broken down and asking if she may telephone a garage.

There is no telephone, and Donald has to ask her to stay the night.

Peggy does not understand the haste with which the old servant prepares her room. As twelve strikes the old servant runs off and Donald has to help Peggy with her dress. She is in love, but Donald leaves telling her not to mind any noises she may hear during the night.

At five minutes past twelve the ghost knocks at Donald's door, but Donald does not reply.

Peggy is about to go to bed when the ghost knocks at her door and asks for a MacLaggan. Peggy opens the door and is delighted to see a figure in full Highland dress.

The figure greets her politely and asks if perchance she has seen any one of the name of MacLaggan, with whom he has an old score to settle.

Peggy is unable to help him and asks who he is.

The figure replies he is the famous Glourie ghost and expresses surprise she has not heard of him.

Peggy is amused, and the ghost—rejoicing in such a charming diversion—remembers the game of forfeits he used to play when he was alive and tries to collect

a kiss from Peggy, but she laughs and tells him she has never been kissed by a man in such a costume and says he might be luckier if he were to return in modern clothes.

Donald has heard nothing of this scene and thinks the ghost has not disturbed Peggy, when there is a knock at his door. He thinks he hears Peggy's voice. He opens his door and is greatly frightened when he sees a shape in white.

Peggy laughs. She says she has used the sheets of her bed to make herself like a ghost in order to return his visit.

Donald understands what has happened, but cannot explain. He can only pretend he was the ghost. Peggy steps up to him and says:

"Now that you have taken off that costume I am willing to pay my forfeit.'

For the first time in his life Donald is kissed by a pretty girl, and is so upset that he cannot sleep.

Sequence 11.

On the following morning Peggy and Donald have breakfast and Peggy teases Donald about what happened during the night.

Donald is hopelessly in love and tries to find out if Peggy is engaged.

Their conversation is interrupted by the return of Peggy's parents.

Mr. Martin drives a hard bargain and Donald—affected by the nearness of Peggy—agrees to everything until Mr. Martin says he means to have the castle pulled down and taken to Florida.

Donald is horrified. What will his ancestors think? What will the ghost do?

Mr. Martin offers to take Donald to America to supervise the rebuilding of the castle.

Sequence 12.

The stones of the castle, wrapped and numbered, are loaded on board ship.

Sequence 13.

On board ship Mr. Martin meets another American business man, Ed Bigelow and boasts to him of his castle and introduces Donald, who is very happy in the company of Peggy.

Mr. Martin and Ed Bigelow are rivals, and Mr. Martin cannot resist saying Glourie Castle is reputed to have a ghost. Ed Bigelow does not believe this and laughs at Mr. Martin.

Sequence 14.

In the hold of the ship the ghost awakes. He is bewildered and cries to his father to tell him where he is. The Voice of the Glourie tells him he is on his way to America. This displeases him.

Murdoch makes his way from the hold and is surprised that no one is afraid of him. Stewards even tell the way to take.

He finds himself before a great door, which two stewards quickly open.

Murdoch walks on with a great roar, but there is not a single scream in reply: only loud applause.

It is Fancy-dress night, and his ancient costume is judged the best. People crowd round to congratulate, but Murdoch is not accustomed to such disrespect. He stands clear and cries:

a kiss from Peggy, but she laughs and tells him she has never been kissed by a man in such a costume and says he might be luckier if he were to return in modern clothes.

Donald has heard nothing of this scene and thinks the ghost has not disturbed Peggy, when there is a knock at his door. He thinks he hears Peggy's voice. He opens his door and is greatly frightened when he sees a shape in white.

Peggy laughs. She says she has used the sheets of her bed to make herself like a ghost in order to return his visit.

Donald understands what has happened, but cannot explain. He can only pretend he was the ghost. Peggy steps up to him and says:

"Now that you have taken off that costume I am willing to pay my forfeit."

For the first time in his life Donald is kissed by a pretty girl, and is so upset that he cannot sleep.

Sequence 11.

On the following morning Peggy and Donald have breakfast and Peggy teases Donald about what happened during the night.

Donald is hopelessly in love and tries to find out if Peggy is engaged.

Their conversation is interrupted by the return of Peggy's parents.

Mr. Martin drives a hard bargain and Donald—unaffected by the nearness of Peggy—agrees to everything until Mr. Martin says he means to have the castle pulled down and taken to Florida.

Donald is horrified. What will his ancestors think? What will the ghost do?

Mr. Martin offers to take Donald to America to supervise the rebuilding of the castle.

Sequence 12.

The stones of the castle, wrapped and numbered, are loaded on board ship.

Sequence 13.

On board ship Mr. Martin meets another American business man, Ed Bigelow and boasts to him of his castle and introduces Donald, who is very happy in the company of Peggy.

Mr. Martin and Ed Bigelow are rivals, and Mr. Martin cannot resist saying Glourie Castle is reputed to have a ghost. Ed Bigelow does not believe this and laughs at Mr. Martin.

Sequence 14.

In the hold of the ship the ghost awakes. He is bewildered and cries to his father to tell him where he is. The Voice of the Glourie tells him he is on his way to America. This displeases him.

Murdoch makes his way from the hold and is surprised that no one is afraid of him. Stewards even tell the way to take.

He finds himself before a great door, which two stewards quickly open.

Murdoch walks on with a great roar, but there is not a single scream in reply: only loud applause.

It is Fancy-dress night, and his ancient costume is judged the best. People crowd round to congratulate, but Murdoch is not accustomed to such disrespect. He stands clear and cries:

'I am not one of you. I am the ghost of Glourie Castle.'

This leads to still greater enthusiasm, and people ask how he was able to get the illusion of the dust of centuries on his dress.

Murdoch sees he will have to prove he is a ghost, and asks for the lights to be lowered.

Deliberately he takes off his head and places it on a chair. This feat brings down the house.

Even Mrs. Martin applauds. She has been told by Peggy that the ghost is Donald and that he once played a trick on her.

Murdoch angrily disappears.

Sequence 15.

On deck that night Peggy sees Murdoch leaning on the rail. She talks to him. He recognizes her as the pretty girl he had met in the castle and is pleased.

He is charming, and again proposes playing forfeits, but just as he is about to collect the forfeit the voice of his father makes him disappear and Peggy opens her eyes to find she is beside Donald, who is in modern dress and claims no forfeit.

Peggy thinks Donald has made fun of her and is angry.

Sequence 16.

The whole ship is in commotion. No one knows what to believe. Donald is upbraided for carrying a joke too far.

He tries to explain to Mr. Martin that there is a ghost—that he is himself and that Murdoch is his ancestor.

Mr. Martin refuses to believe any such nonsense, but Murdoch appears and Mr. Martin is convinced.

Mrs. Martin is terrified and insists that the sale of the castle be cancelled.

Sequence 17.

Meantime news that a ghost is on board ship has been cabled to New York and is a front page story.

Ed Bigelow sees a great opportunity to advertise his business and offers to take over the castle.

He is on the point of succeeding when Mr. Martin wakes up to the value of what he is losing.

Mr. Martin and Ed Bigelow bid against each other. The price rises to fantastic heights, but Mr. Martin hangs on, since he realizes that the arrival of a ghost will create a sensation in New York.

Sequence 18.

The reception in New York is tremendous and Mr. Martin is triumphant.

Messages from the ship, saying a ghost was about to land, have created national interest. Mr. Martin is surrounded by reporters and photographers. He speaks over the radio and knows an hour of glory.

Sequence 19.

That same night the ghost lands while the stones of the castle are being piled up on the dockside.

He finds the place strange, and realizes after contact with the workmen that his old Scottish tongue and modern American slang have very little in common.

Sequence 20.

The rebuilding of the castle is being carried on by the same means as it was torn down. Each numbered

stone is set in place and Donald, who has now become an energetic business man, is in charge.

He pretends he is indifferent to Peggy, but she becomes more and more charming to him and he is really falling more deeply in love with her.

At midnight the ghost takes his customary walk through the castle, but the only persoo he meets is an American watchman, whose language he does oot understand and whom he cannot frighten.

Murdoch is more and more weary and goes off calling for a MacLaggan.

Sequence 21.

The castle is now finished and there is to be a grand opening ceremony.

Mr. Martin, since he is now the owner of a Scottish castle, thinks he has the right to wear Scottish dress.

He has sent out hundreds of invitations, and the tit-bit of the evening is to be the appearance of the ghost at midnight.

Ed Bigelow has said there is no ghost and has made a bet with Mr. Martin.

The dinner is served in Scottish style, but the pipers are negroes who play the pipes as if they were members of a jazz orchestra.

Donald is angry at the travesty of Scottish custom and he and Peggy quarrel.

Sequence 22.

After dinner Peggy goes alone to walk on the terrace.

Donald goes to his room and begins to undress.

At midnight Mr. Martin asks his guests to be quiet. He has the lights lowered.

At ten minutes past midnight the guests are still



EUGENE PALLETTE as JOE MARTIN
in The Ghost Goes West



waiting the appearance of the ghost, but Murdoch does not walk.

Mr. Martin begins to get worried, but Ed Bigelow smiles. He is happy thinking of the discomfiture of his rival and of the bet he is to win.

Sequence 23.

In another part of the castle Murdoch is wandering around very unhappy. He does not like these Americans, whose language he does not understand and who refuse to be afraid of him.

He decides he will not enter the hall to be insulted, when a drunk man whom Mr. Martin has sent from the hall tells Murdoch the way to the hall.

Murdoch still refuses to go. The drunk man becomes angry and insults Murdoch, who slaps his face.

He has just done this when he hears strange music and the voice of his father faintly.

Murdoch feels faint and asks the drunk man his name.

The drunk man replies with a common American name, but presently admits that he is the last member of an ancient Scottish family called MacLaggan.

Murdoch realizes that at last he has avenged his family and that he need no longer be an earth-bound spirit.

Sequence 24.

Donald is about to retire when someone knocks at his door. As usual he tells the ghost to go somewhere else to find a MacLaggan.

He hears Murdoch's voice saying he has found one and that he has come to say good-bye.

Murdoch, fainting, enters Donald's room. He says

how happy he is nt the prospect of joining his ancestors and hopes Donald will be happy with Peggy.

As he finishes speaking his face and hands become transparent and disappear. The human shape collapses and there is nothing left on the floor but the clothes of the ghost.

Sequence 25.

It is twelve-thirty. In the hall Ed Bigelow is triumphant.

A noise is heard outside. A door opens. Murdoch appears and slowly crosses the hall.

Mrs. Martin, who has become quite accustomed to the ghost, leads the applause.

Donald, who has put on the clothes Murdoch left behind, goes out through the terrace door, while applause acknowledges Mr. Martin's victory.

Sequence 26.

Donald quickly crosses the terrace. He is in a hurry to return to his room and end the joke, but a well-known voice says:

'Murdoch!'

Donald is face to face with Peggy.

He notes her sadness and questions her. She thinks she is speaking to Murdoch and tells him how sad she is because Donald has decided to go away. She thinks he has ceased to love her.

Donald is so happy that he nearly gives himself away, but he controls himself and says he will go at once to speak to Donald.

Sequence 27.

It is one o'clock. There is joy in the castle.

Mr. Martin is teaching his guests some old Scottish dances, and everyone but Peggy is trying to learn them. Peggy is seated in a corner alone.

Donald, now in evening clothes, enters the hall. Peggy is surprised to see him again. He asks her to dance and while they are dancing he tells her he knows what she has said to Murdoch.

She is very happy and nestles closer in his arms, while every one dances to the bagpipes.

V

'THE GHOST GOES WEST'

(RELEASE SCRIPT)

REEL 1

BELLS

Fade-in

1. BACKGROUND—26 FT. 10 FRS. BIG BEN. OVER THIS, THE TITLE:

LONDON FILM PRODUCTIONS, LTD.

PRESENTS AN

ALEXANDER KORDA

PRODUCTION

Fade-out

MUSIC FADES IN

Fade-in

2. BACKGROUND 95 FT. 9 FRS. PAINTED STONE WALL. OVER THIS, TITLE FADES IN:

ROBERT DONAT

IN

RENÉ CLAIR'S

THE GHOST

GOES WEST

WITH

JEAN PARKER—EUGENE PALLETTE

AND ELSA LANCHESTER

Recorded on $\frac{\textit{Western Electric}}{\textit{Sound System}}$ *Noiseless Recording*

Dissolve to:

MUSIC CONTINUES

BASED ON A STORY
BY
ERIC KEOWN

By the kind permission of the proprietors of *Punch*

FILM PLAY
BY
ROBERT SHERWOOD

Dissolve to:

MUSIC CONTINUES

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY
HAROLD ROSSON

SETS DESIGNED
BY
VINCENT KORDA

PRODUCTION MANAGER:
DAVID B. CUNYNGHAME

Dissolve to:

MUSIC CONTINUES

MUSICAL DIRECTOR:
MUIR MATHIESON

SCENARIO BY
GEOFFREY KERR

MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS BY
MICHAEL SPOLIANSKY

COSTUME DIRECTOR:
RENÉ HUBERT

ROBERT DONAT'S COSTUMES DESIGNED BY
JOHN ARMSTRONG

Dissolve to:

MUSIC CONTINUES

SPECIAL EFFECTS DIRECTED BY
NED MANN

RECORDING DIRECTOR:
A. W. WATKINS

ASSISTANT DIRECTORS:
IMLAY WATTS & ALBERT VALENTIN

FILM EDITOR:
HAROLD EARLE-FISHBACHER

SUPERVISING EDITOR:
WILLIAM HORNBECK

Dissolve to:

MUSIC CONTINUES

CAST

ROBERT DONAT	MURDOCH GLOURIE DONALD GLOURIE
JEAN PARKER	PEGGY MARTIN
EUGENE PALLETTE	MR. MARTIN
ELSA LANCHESTER	MISS SHEPPERTON
RALPH BUNKER	ED BIGELOW
PATRICIA HILLIARD	SHEPHERDESS

Dissolve to:

MUSIC CONTINUES

EVERLEY GREGG	MRS. MARTIN
MORTEN SELTEN	THE GLOURIE
CHILI BOUCHIER	CLEOPATRA
MARK DALY	MURDOCH'S GROOM
HERBERT LOMAS	FERGUS
ELLIOT MASON	MRS. MACNIFF
HAY PETRIE	THE MCLAGGAN
QUINTIN MACPHERSON	MACKAYE

Dissolve to:

MUSIC CHANGES
TO BAGPIPES

DIRECTED
BY
RENE CLAIR

Dissolve to:

DISTRIBUTED
BY
UNITED
ARTISTS

Fade-out

MUSIC CONTINUES

Fade-in

3. BACKGROUND—65 FT. 1 FR. SCOTTISH LANDSCAPE

Over this, in foreground, a bouquet of thistles fades in. Over this, Title fades in.

SCOTLAND
IN THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Dissolve to:

BAGPIPE MUSIC STRONGER

EXT. SCOTLAND—DAY. MED. LONG SHOT

Bagpipers, leading a column of Scottish soldiers, walking right to left, playing. The men follow in formation, all going to left.

Dissolve to:

BAGPIPE MUSIC LOWER

EXT. GLOURIE CASTLE—DAY. LONG SHOT

Six mounted men (the MacLaggans) ride over the bridge and towards the courtyard at right.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC STILL LOWER

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD—DAY. LONG SHOT

The last of the six men starts to left across the courtyard. PAN WITH HIM. *We see him go up the steps and join the five other MacLaggans.*

4. CLOSE SHOT—21 FT. 3 FRS.

On castle steps. As the last man joins The MacLaggan and one of the others.

FIRST SON: What are we waiting for?

SECOND SON: We're not to be denied by the Glouries!

FIRST SON: If they refuse to open we'll break down the door!

MACLAGGAN (stopping them): Whist, lads!

MUSIC STOPS

He steps left. PAN WITH HIM, *leaving the sons off right and showing the groom through the peep-hole.*

I tell you again, we should see the accursed Glourie . . . and if you don't open the door . . .

5. CLOSE-UP—28 FT. 15 FRS.

of the groom behind the grille

(off-screen) . . . we'll break it down!

GROOM: Aye . . . aye . . . but I daren't disturb the Glourie.

He closes the door.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC CHANGES
TO BAGPIPES

DIRECTED
BY
RENE CLAIR

Dissolve to:

DISTRIBUTED
BY
UNITED
ARTISTS

Fade-out

MUSIC CONTINUES

Fade-in

3. BACKGROUND—65 FT. 1 FR. SCOTTISH LANDSCAPE

Over this, in foreground, a bouquet of thistles fades in. Over this, Title fades in.

SCOTLAND
IN THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Dissolve to:

BAGPIPE MUSIC STRONGER

EXT. SCOTLAND—DAY. MED. LONG SHOT

Bagpipers, leading a column of Scottish soldiers, walking right to left, playing. The men follow in formation, all going to left.

Dissolve to:

BAGPIPE MUSIC LOWER

EXT. GLOURIE CASTLE—DAY. LONG SHOT

Six mounted men (the MacLaggans) ride over the bridge and towards the courtyard at right.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC STILL LOWER

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD—DAY. LONG SHOT

The last of the six men starts to left across the courtyard. PAN WITH HIM. *We see him go up the steps and join the five other MacLaggans.*

4. CLOSE SHOT—21 FT. 3 FRS.

On castle steps. As the last man joins The MacLaggan and one of the others.

FIRST SON: What are we waiting for?

SECOND SON: We're not to be denied by the Glouries!

FIRST SON: If they refuse to open we'll break down the door!

MACLAOGAN (stopping them): Whist, lads!

MUSIC STOPS

He steps left. PAN WITH HIM, *leaving the sons off right and showing the groom through the peep-hole.*

I tell you again, we should see the accursed Glourie . . . and if you don't open the door . . .

5. CLOSE-UP—28 FT. 15 FRS.

of the groom behind the grille

(off-screen) . . . we'll break it down!

GROOM: Aye . . . aye . . . but I daren't disturb the Glourie.

He closes the door.

Dissolve to:

INT. CASTLE HALL—DAY. CLOSE SHOT

POURING NOISE

A servant is kneeling by a large barrel of whisky, filling a decanter at the tap. CAMERA TRAVELS BACK TO MEDIUM SHOT *as the servant rises and exits right.*

6. MEDIUM LONG SHOT—32 FT. 7 FRS.

We see The Glourie, seated, with a servant standing at right, holding out a small glass of medicine. First servant enters left, carrying the whisky. CAMERA TRAVELS FORWARD TO MED. SHOT *of the three. First servant takes large glass and starts pouring whisky into it.*

SECOND SERVANT (holding glass out): Here, your medicine, Glourie . . . The physician said . . .

GLOURIE (taking small glass): Never mind what the physician said!

(He throws the glass over his shoulder. It crashes to the ground, off):
My medicine's always been whisky . . .

GLASS CRASH

TRAVEL UP TO CLOSE-UP

Glourie and second servant.

He takes the large glass of whisky and drinks.

SECOND SERVANT: But I tell you, Glourie, he said it would kill ye!

Glourie starts handing the glass to left.

7. CLOSE SHOT—25 FT. 15 FRS.

Front angle. Glourie seated, second servant at left. Glourie hands the glass which first servant, off right, takes.

GLOURIE: I will no die . . .
(*knocks off*):
I will no die until I've seen my son go to the war!
(*there is a loud crash off. He leans forward*):
What was that?

GROOM (*off-screen*): The MacLaggans!

8. LONG SHOT—10 FT. 10 FRS.

Glourie seated left, his back to us. We see door in background. The MacLaggans are coming through the door. Two sons push the groom out of their way, off right.

SECOND SON: Out of the way, you lout!

FIRST SON: There's the Glourie!

They range themselves behind their father.

MACLAGGAN (*as he stops walking*):
Ah! . . .

MED. CLOSE SHOT—20 FT. 14 FRS.

Glourie seated, a servant on each side of him.

GLOURIE: And what business have men of Clan MacLaggan with me this day?
(*to servant*): Give me my bonnet!

The servant gives him the bonnet, which he starts to put on, while we hear MacLaggan's voice:

MACLAGGAN (*off-screen*): Gavin Glourie, we come to tell you that me and my five sons, and all the men of Clan Mac . . .

10. MED. LONG SHOT—16 FT. 11 FRS.

MacLaggan and his five sons ranged behind him.

. . . Laggan, are marching to fight the English for the glory of Scotland. And we rejoice that in the battle there will not be one fighting man that bears the hated name of Glourie

11. CLOSE SHOT—24 FT. 5 FRS.

Glourie and the servant at left. During the next speech the groom enters left and comes to stand behind Glourie's chair, at right.

GLOURIE: I am too old and too ill to fight this day. But if, by accident, any of you MacLaggans should happen to stray into the front line of battle, you will see there my son, Murdoch . . . (*laughter starts off*).

12. MED. LONG SHOT—15 FT. 13 FRS.

The MacLaggans. They are laughing.

MACLAGGAN: Your son Murdoch, eh? Aye . . . we saw him just now, in a field, playing with women . . . young women. A better occupation for a Glourie than going to war!

13. MED. LONG SHOT—14 FT. 4 FRS.

Glourie. The groom standing behind the chair, at right.

GLOURIE (*to groom*): Fetch me my son! (*groom goes background*): He will repay you for this insult!

MACLAGGAN (*off-screen*): He'll have his chance on the battle-field . . .

14. MED. LONG SHOT—7 FT. 8 FRS.

of the MacLaggans.

. . . but let me tell you, for the last time, that the Glouries are a clan of craven . . .

15. MEDIUM SHOT—17 FT. 1 FR.

of Glourie.

(*off-screen*): . . . cowards, and we MacLaggans, being men, despise you!

GLOURIE (*furious*): Men! I tell you one Glourie's man enough to thrash fifty MacLaggans.

He throws his stick off left.

16. LONG SHOT—17 FT. 14 FRS.

Reverse angle. Glourie seated right foreground, MacLaggans at back. The stick falls in front of MacLaggan.

FIRST SON (*stepping forward*): That's an insult, father! We'll resent it!

MACLAGGAN (*stops him and steps forward*): No! It's a waste of

strength to bicker with the last, poor feeble relics of the Clan Glourie. Come on, lads!

The MacLaggans start out. Glourie starts looking for something to throw after them.

GLOURIE: Get out before my son comes . . .

17. CLOSE SHOT—62 FT.

Glourie and servant at right.

. . . and slays you all!

He throws his glass off right. We hear the crash. Glourie reaches for something else.

. . . Give me . . . give . . .
Aye! (*he sees that he has the whisky decanter in hand and changes his mind*):
Bring me another glass!

Dissolve to:

MUSIC STARTS

EXT. FIELD—DAY. MEDIUM SHOT

Murdoch and a girl, seated. Murdoch is kissing the girl and we hear laughter off-screen. Murdoch rises.

MURDOCH: Whose turn is it now?

As he walks, he passes behind several girls who are seated. Each girl in turn speaks.

FIRST GIRL: Mine!
MURDOCH (*continues walking*): Later.
SECOND GIRL: Mine!
MURDOCH: No!
THIRD GIRL: Mine!
MURDOCH: No, no! It's Jean's!

He stops by the last girl and sits next to her.

What's the difference betwixt a thistle in the heather and a kiss in the dark? If you can't tell me by the time I've spelt Killiecrankie, you must pay the forfeit. (*he starts spelling*): K-I-L-L-I-E . . .

JEAN: I give it up!

MURDOCH: Wait now! . . C-R-A-N-K-I-E. Well, you pay the forfeit.

JEAN: What is it?

MURDOCH: You know very well it's a kiss: it's always a kiss. Come here . . . (*he starts kissing her*).

GROOM (*off-screen*): Murdoch!

MURDOCH (*he looks up annoyed*): What is it?

GROOM (*off-screen*): Forgive me, but . . .

MUSIC CONTINUES

18. MED. SHOT—9 FT. 4 FRS.

The groom, looking off right.

. . . your father is wanting you.

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): What for?

GROOM: I think he's wanting you to be going to the battle.

MUSIC CONTINUES

19. MED. SHOT—15 FT.

Murdoch and the girls.

MURDOCH: Och, aye, the battle . . . but first I must claim the

forfeit. (*he starts kissing the girl again*).

GROOM (*off-screen*): Murdoch!

Murdoch rises and starts off left.

20. LONG SHOT—13 FT. 14 FRS.

As Murdoch runs in right to groom, turns and speaks to girls off right.

MURDOCH: Fare thee well, lassies.
I'll be back soon!

He runs right, jumping over pile of hay. Groom starts after him, but goes round end of hay.

Fade-out

MUSIC CHANGES TO WARLIKE NOTES

Fade-in

21. EXT. CASTLE—DAY. MED. SHOT—20 FT. 9 FRS.

Glourie seated with servants, and Murdoch standing. Glourie hands Murdoch sword. Servant at right helps Murdoch put sword on while Glourie takes shield from other servant. He now hands shield to Murdoch, who takes it and starts left down the steps.

MUSIC CONTINUES

22. LONG SHOT—18 FT. 1 FR.

Murdoch runs down the steps. PAN WITH HIM. *He comes to his horse and mounts, helped by groom. He starts riding left.*

MUSIC STOPS

GLOURIE (*off-screen*): Murdoch!

Murdoch stops and looks off right.

23. CLOSE SHOT—9 FT. 8 FRS.

Glourie, seated at top of castle steps.

. . . When you meet any of the Clan MacLaggan on the battle-field, strike him down!

24. CLOSE-UP—3 FT. 9 FRS.

Murdoch seated on his horse. He speaks off right to his father.

MURDOCH: But I thought I was supposed to fight the English.

25. CLOSE SHOT—10 FT. 1 FR.

Glourie, seated.

GLOURIE: You're a Glourie. You fight the MacLaggans first. You can attend to the English later.

26. CLOSE-UP—4 FT. 6 FRS.

of Murdoch.

(*off-screen*): . . . Good-bye, my son.

MURDOCH: Good-bye, father.

HORSE HOOFS

27. LONG SHOT—11 FT. 2 FRS.

Murdoch raises his shield in a gesture of farewell. He and the groom start riding across the bridge.

28. MED. SHOT—43 FT. 7 FRS.

Glourie and the servants.

GLOURIE: Remember! You must not pause for one moment until you've avenged that insult!

CAMERA TRAVELS FORWARD TO CLOSE SHOT

SECOND SERVANT: Now, Glourie, you must rest.

GLOURIE: Aye, I rest. My son's a

man at last. I can die content . . . (*he sees glass of whisky in servant's hand and reaches for it*): . . . when I've finished this whisky.

He drains the glass.

29. CLOSE-UP—10 FT. 12 FRS.

Glourie's hand as it opens and releases the glass. The glass falls out of scene and we hear it crash. PAN DOWN *with the hand as it drops. We see the body of the servant as he enters from left.*

GLASS CRASH

FIRST SERVANT (*off-screen*): Glourie! Glourie!

SECOND SERVANT: What's happened?

FIRST SERVANT (*off-screen*): He's ill . . .

SECOND SERVANT (*off-screen*): Aye, very . . .

30. CLOSE SHOT—59 FT. 7 FRS.

The two Servants' heads.

. . . ill.

FIRST SERVANT: Will we send for the physician?

SECOND SERVANT: No. It's too late now . . .

PAN UP *to coat-of-arms above the door, leaving servants off-screen. The voice continues:*

MUSIC STARTS

. . . May Heaven receive the soul of Gavin Glourie!

Dissolve to:

MUSIC CONTINUES

EXT. SKY—DAY. LONG SHOT

In the clouds. We see a small cloud going right to left.

Dissolve to:

EXT. FIELDS—DAY. LONG SHOT

MUSIC CONTINUES

Murdoch and his groom enter riding from left and ride away as a column of clansmen walk toward the camera at left.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC ENDS

EXT. MEADOW—DAY. LONG SHOT

We see sheep grazing around a tree. The head of a girl (the shepherdess) appears as she stands behind the thicket in foreground.

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): Good morning, my bonnie lass!

GROOM (*off-screen*): Remember, Murdoch . . .

31. MED. SHOT—8 FT. 1 FR.

Reverse. Over the thicket, we see Murdoch and the groom on their horses.

. . . your father said you mustn't pause.

MURDOCH: Be quiet! Tell me, lassie, which is the way to the battle?

32. MED. SHOT—9 FT. 11 FRS.

The shepherdess.

SHEPHERDESS: The second turning to your left, and then bear right 'till you come to men fighting, and that'd be it.

33. MED. SHOT—67 FT. 15 FRS.

Murdoch and groom. Murdoch smiles.

MURDOCH: Well, if the battle doesn't start on time, I'll come back. Wait for me.

They start riding off left.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC DISSOLVES IN

EXT. SCOTCH CAMP—DAY. LONG SHOT

We see the camp; men riding, others lined up. Murdoch walks towards the camera from background. When he is in MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT, *we* TRAVEL TO RIGHT *as he walks to the cannon. He pauses and speaks to the gunner.*

MURDOCH: Ah! That cannon looks as though it had seen great service!

GUNNER (*proudly*): Aye! It's been fighting for Scotland for over a hundred years!

Murdoch has crossed to right.

MURDOCH: But how many cannons have the English?

GUNNER: Oh, a dozen or more, but they're all brand-new. No match for Old Terrible, here! Wait 'till ye hear him.

MURDOCH: Ah, I'd glad to, but

first I've an account to settle with the cursed MacLaggans.

He walks to right. TRAVEL WITH HIM. *A man standing at right stops Murdoch.*

SOLDIER: What do you want with them?

MURDOCH: They've insulted the name of Glourie, which I am proud to bear . . . (*the soldier smiles*): Are *you* one of the MacLaggans?

SOLDIER (*frightened*): Me? No, no! I hate them too . . .

He runs off right. Murdoch looks after him.

34. MED. LONG SHOT—18 ft. 4 FRS.

MUSIC

Side angle from the back of the cannon. We see the men around it. The gunner is standing ready as the artillery officer enters left.

OFFICER: Have you aimed Old Terrible?

GUNNER: Aye, sir! He's all ready to blow the English off the face of the earth!

OFFICER: Then—fire! (*he runs off left*).

GUNNER (*to his men*): To the right! (*they pull the gun*): Too much! To the left, to the left! (*they pull the other way*): Good! Fire.

The men on the other side fall; this causes the men in the foreground to fall down. This suddenly jerks the

LOUDER BAGPIPES ADDED

He walks to right. The pipers in background start playing. CAMERA TRAVELS TO RIGHT. *The Clansmen follow MacLaggan. A man stands in his way at right. MacLaggan stops and the Clansmen stand still.*

SOLDIER (*the man who questioned Murdoch*): MacLaggan?

MACLAGGAN: Don't interrupt us. We're . . . we're advancing.

LOUD PIPES STOP

SOLDIER: But Murdoch Glourie is looking for you!

MACLAGGAN: A Glourie? Here, on the battlefield? Where is he?

SOLDIER (*indicating left*): At the cannon.

MACLAGGAN (*to his sons*): You lads go and find him!

FIRST SON (*stepping forward*): But the battle . . .?

MACLAGGAN: First we must settle this important matter. About turn! (*the clansmen face about*): March!

LOUD BAGPIPES START AGAIN

The clansmen now march to the left, away from us. CAMERA PANS *and shows all the clansmen marching away, MacLaggan in the rear.*

BAGPIPES FADE OUT

END OF REEL I

REEL 2

38. EXT. MEADOW—DAY. MED. LONG SHOT—9 FT. 3 FRS.

Murdoch and groom run in right by the thicket. We see the fallen tree in background.

MURDOCH: It must have rolled in there! I'll leap over. Here . . . hold my claymore and targe . . .

The groom takes the sword and shield while Murdoch starts to leap over the hedge.

39. CLOSE SHOT—46 FT. 13 FRS.

Reverse, from the other side of the hedge, as Murdoch jumps down.

SHEPHERDESS (*off-screen*): Oh! . . .

CAMERA PANS LEFT, *leaving Murdoch off-screen, and we discover the shepherdess. She is crying.*

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): Why, my dear young lady, what's the matter?

SHEPHERDESS: This horrible battle!

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): Oh . . . it can't be . . . (*he enters right*): . . . as bad as all that!

SHEPHERDESS: My lover is there fighting, and he'll be killed!

MURDOCH (*sits near her*): Oh, you mustn't think of him. He's a hero. We're all heroes (*pats her hair*): There, there . . . there . . . now . . .

SHEPHERDESS: You're a kind, good

man, and I thank you for comforting me.

MURDOCH: It's a pleasure, my dear. Tell me, do you know the game of Spell-me-a-Riddle? (*she shakes her head 'no'*): Well, you see, I ask you a riddle, and if you can't tell me the answer by the time I

. . .

GROOM (*off-screen*): Murdoch!

Murdoch looks up off right.

40. CLOSE SHOT—10 FT. 4 FRS.

The groom, standing on the other side of the thicket.

. . . Remember your father said you mustn't pause!

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): Away with you! I'll be out in a moment.

The groom starts off left.

41. MED. LONG SHOT—9 FT. 15 FRS.

The five MacLaggans walking towards camera. They see the groom off right and stop.

FIRST: There's a Glourie!

SECOND: That's his groom.

FIRST: Well, he'll know where Murdoch is!

THIRD: Let's ask him!

They start off right.

42. CLOSE SHOT—11 FT. 7 FRS.

Murdoch and the shepherdess.

SHEPHERDESS: I give up.

MURDOCH: Well, you must pay the forfeit.

SHEPHERDESS: What is it?

MURDOCH: It's this . . .

He starts kissing her.

GROOM (*off-screen*): Murdoch!

MURDOCH (*releases the girl*): Ach! (*he starts standing*).

43. MEDIUM SHOT—8 FT. 8 FRS.

Reverse, from the other side of the thicket, as Murdoch stands into scene.

MURDOCH: There's always some cursed interruption! (*sees scene off-right*): Oh, I see! (*to the girl, off*): Forgive me, lassie, I'll be back soon!

He jumps over the hedge and runs off right.

44. MEDIUM LONG SHOT—12 FT. 14 FRS.

The groom is lying on the ground, the MacLaggans by him. As one of them throws the groom's bonnet down at him:

GROOM: Murdoch! Murdoch!!

Murdoch enters, right foreground.

MURDOCH: Here . . . stop!

The MacLaggans stop, turn and come back towards Murdoch.

AD LIB.: There he is! . . . Ha, ha! Look at him! . . . The bold Glouriel . . . The fighting man! . . .

FIRST: With a woman, as usual!

They laugh.

45. CLOSE SHOT—5 FT. 11 FRS.

Murdoch. He makes a gesture.

MURDOCH: Return my claymore and you'll stop your laughing!

THIRD SON (*off-screen*): Come and get it yourself!

46. MEDIUM SHOT—6 FT. 1 FR.

The MacLaggans. They are laughing.

FIRST: We'll return it . . . through your body!

They Laugh.

47. MED. LONG SHOT—37 FT. 5 FRS.

Murdoch rushes at the MacLaggans.

MURDOCH: Hand it over!

AD LIB. (*as he tries to get sword*): You've met your match, Glourie. Come on! . . . Get that Clansman, Glourie! . . . after him! . . .

MUSIC STARTS

He passes through them, but they draw their swords and he is forced to turn and run. They start after him and the groom follows, running.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

LONG SHOT

Clansmen lined up, with a mounted officer at left.

OFFICER: Take care!

As the men shoulder their claymores, Murdoch comes running right foreground and stops by the horse.

MURDOCH: Just a minute . . . just

a minute! I have to have a sword!
Won't someone lend me a sword?

He sees the MacLaggans coming and starts running off through the men in the background. The five MacLaggans, followed by the groom, run in from right foreground and start after Murdoch through the clansmen.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

EXT. SCOTCH CAMP—DAY. MED. LONG SHOT

Murdoch enters, running through tents at back and comes down to foreground, where he hides behind a barrel.

MUSIC

48. AT THE CANNON—DAY. MED. LONG SHOT—2 FT. 13 FRS.

The gunner is aiming the cannon again.

GUNNER: Good!

The cannon fires.

MUSIC

49. MEDIUM SHOT—1 FT. 8 FRS.

Murdoch hiding behind the barrel.

EXPLOSION

MUSIC CONTINUES

50. MEDIUM LONG SHOT—6 FT. 4 FRS.

The barrel, hit by the cannon ball, explodes. A huge cloud of smoke rises.

MUSIC

51. MEDIUM SHOT—12 FT. 2 FRS.

Three of the MacLaggans, as the smoke clears, bring down their arms as the other two run in from right background. All of them look up off left and take their bonnets off.

MUSIC

52. MEDIUM LONG SHOT—8 FT. 7 FRS.

Murdoch's groom is looking up. He waits, then catches Murdoch's bonnet as it floats down. He looks down at it.

MUSIC

53. CLOSE-UP—156 FT. 4 FRS.

of the groom. He looks around, then looks up.

GROOM: May Heaven receive the soul of Murdoch Glourie.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

EXTRA SKY—DAY. LONG SHOT

Clouds going right to left.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

EXT. SKY—DAY. EXTREME LONG SHOT

Clouds, right to left. Below, through a hole in the clouds, we see the earth. The battle is still going on.

GLOURIE'S VOICE: Murdoch, my son, can you hear me?

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

EXT. SKY—DAY. LONG SHOT

Clouds going right to left.

MURDOCH'S VOICE: Father, where are you? Where am I?

GLOURIE'S VOICE: In limbo—the empty place between heaven and earth. I died with honour, and

you died a coward's death. Do you realize that?

MURDOCH'S VOICE: Yes, father, I suppose I did.

GLOURIE'S VOICE: Then you can *never be welcomed among your* ancestors in heaven.

MURDOCH'S VOICE: Never?

GLOURIE'S VOICE: You will be an earth-bound ghost doomed to haunt the dark . . .

Dissolve to:

MUSIC BECOMES FUNERAL MARCH

EXT. SKY—DAY. LONG SHOT

PAN DOWN AND SHOW LONG SHOT GLOURIE CASTLE . . . halls of Glourie Castle . . .

In the courtyard we see the two servants, who push the retainers in two lines from the ends of the bridge to the door of the castle.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

EXT. CASTLE BRIDGE—DAY. LONG SHOT

Side angle on bridge. Murdoch's groom is walking slowly across the bridge, carrying Murdoch's hat on a tartan. A groom, leading Murdoch's horse, is following him.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC CONTINUES

MED. LONG SHOT

From castle steps. The servants at bottom of steps, backs to us, with peasants and retainers forming a

double line going up to the bridge. The groom advances. As he comes up the steps the two servants turn and start following him.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

INT. CASTLE HALL—DAY. MED. LONG SHOT

The groom advances and puts the bonnet down on the table. The two servants have stopped by the window. The groom steps back.

MUSIC

14. MEDIUM SHOT—12 FT. 10 FRS.

The fireplace. A small cloud of smoke enters from top of the fireplace, enlarges and takes shape.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC STOPS

SAME SET-UP

Murdoch appears. He raises his hands and rubs his eyes.

15. MED. LONG SHOT—12 FT. 10 FRS.

The groom, looking off left, terrified as he sees the ghost.

GROOM (*raising his hands*): The Lord preserve us! It's a ghost!

(*He runs to background and up the stairs*):

He's come back! It's a ghost!

16. MEDIUM SHOT—23 FT. 8 FRS.

Murdoch, looking off right after the groom.

(*Off screen*): It's a ghost!

Murdoch looks front.

MURDOCH: Father! . . .

GLOURIE'S VOICE: Yes, my son?
MURDOCH: *How long do I have* to go on with this nonsense. . . . *I mean, frightening people like* that?
GLOURIE'S VOICE: You promised to avenge our honour and you failed. . . .

57. EXTREME LONG SHOT—9 FT. 7 FRS.
Murdoch crosses his arms.

. . . You will remain a phantom *in this castle until that promise* is ful . . .

58. MEDIUM SHOT—34 FT. 2 FRS.
Murdoch behind the table.

. . . *filled . . . when you twist* the nose of one of our enemies and make him kneel before you and admit that one Glourie can thrash fifty MacLaggans.

CAMERA TRAVELS TO CLOSE-UP MURDOCH

MURDOCH (*uncrosses his arms*): But suppose I can never find a Mac-Laggan?
GLOURIE'S VOICE: A promise is a promise. . . .

Fade-out:

Fade-in:

CHIMES:

59. INT. CASTLE HALL—NIGHT. CLOSE-UP—9 FT. 4 FRS.
The hall clock. It shows midnight and starts striking.

MUSIC STARTS THIRD STROKE

GLOURIE'S VOICE: Every night, at . . .

MUSIC

60. MED. LONG SHOT—13 FT. 10 FRS.

Murdoch, standing behind the table, seen from the back.

. . . midnight, you will awaken and walk through the halls of this castle . . .

Murdoch walks forward, passes through the table and goes right.

. . . until you've found a MacLaggan and . . .

MUSIC

61. MEDIUM SHOT—13 FT. 15 FRS.

Murdoch walking towards the door.

. . . forced him to bow before you in humble apology. . . .

SCREAM

Murdoch passes through the door. We hear a scream from the other side.

MUSIC

62. INT. UPPER CORRIDOR—NIGHT. MED. LONG SHOT—14 FT. 12 FRS.

The two servants enter, running from left and go to background, where they hide by a wall. Murdoch enters left and walks to the right.

. . . Then, and not 'till then . . .

63. MEDIUM LONG SHOT—15 FT. 8 FRS.

Reverse, with servants right foreground and Murdoch walking right to left background.

. . . will you be permitted to ascend from limbo and join your noble ancestors in heaven. . . .

Murdoch exits left on to the terrace.

MUSIC

64. LONG SHOT—67 FT. 7 FRS.

On the terrace. Murdoch walking away from us.

. . . Farewell, miserable ghost of a Glouriel

Murdoch dissolves out.

MUSIC CONTINUES

Dissolve to:

EXT. CASTLE—NIGHT. EXT. LONG SHOT

The castle, seen in the night.

Dissolve to:

EXT. CASTLE—NIGHT. EXT. LONG SHOT

The castle, changed. We see it is much older. Title fades in:

TWENTIETH CENTURY

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

CLOSE-UP

A board—It bears the legend:

FOR SALE
GLOURIE CASTLE
APPLY WITHIN

MUSIC CHANGES TO JAZZ

Dissolve to:

The lighting changes from NIGHT *to* DAY.

MUSIC CHANGES TO JAZZ

EXT. CASTLE—DAY. EXT. LONG SHOT

The castle has changed a great deal. A car enters from left and starts across the bridge.

MUSIC

65. MED. LONG SHOT—52 FT. 6 FRS.

PAN SHOT, *following the car as it goes over the bridge. A girl is driving it. At the end of the bridge the car turns to the right.*

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

CLOSE SHOT

A girl seated in the car looks off right at the castle, then gets out of the car. She starts out, but stops and turns off the wireless in the car. She exits right.

MUSIC CUT OFF

66. MED. LONG SHOT—40 FT. 4 FRS.

At the door of the castle. The girl enters left, walks towards castle steps, goes up the steps to the castle door, is about to go as a hen runs out from the door. She enters castle.

Dissolve to:

HEN CACKLE

INT. CASTLE HALL—DAY. EXT. LONG SHOT

The girl is walking away from camera. She looks around, then walks towards background.

67. MED. SHOT—11 FT. 7 FRS.

We see a man (Fergus) closing a door. He walks to left. PAN WITH HIM. *He is about to go up the stairs, when we hear:*

PEGGY (*off screen*): Hey!

He turns and looks off-left.

68. MED. LONG SHOT—10 FT. 15 FRS.

Reverse. Fergus standing with his r. hand on newel post, Peggy by chair background.

FERGUS: Huh?

PEGGY: Excuse me, but I'm look-
ing for the owner of this place.

FERGUS: Aye . . .

69. MED. LONG SHOT—5 FT. 14 FRS.

Fergus at foot of stairs:

. . . so am I.

He turns and goes up the stairs.

70. MED. LONG SHOT—22 FT.

The girl walks to right. PAN WITH HER. *She tries sitting on the arm of a chair, and the chair collapses. She looks around and quickly tries to replace the leg under the chair.*

END OF REEL 2

REEL 3

71. INT. CASTLE KITCHEN—DAY. MEDIUM SHOT—19 FT. 14 FRS.

The door opens and Fergus enters. He slams the door shut and comes down the steps.

FERGUS: He's hiding somewhere
about this castle and I propose
to find him!

As he exits left, PAN TO RIGHT *and discover MacNiff, the housekeeper. She finishes drawing a bucket out of the well, then turns and speaks to the men off-left.*

MACNIFF: Well, you'll not find

him here, so I would thank you to take your sour faces out . . .

72. MEDIUM SHOT—19 FT. 1 FR.

MacKaye, Ross and two other creditors standing in front of the fireplace as Fergus enters from the right and joins them.

(*off screen*): . . . of my kitchen!

MACKAYE (*leaning forward*): Donald Glourie owes me about a hundred and fifty pounds for ales, wines and liquors furnished during the past seven years.

FERGUS: And he owes me upwards of two hundred pounds for provisions.

ROSS (*steps between the two*): And what about my loan?

73. CLOSE SHOT—82 FT. 10 FRS.

MacNiff enters right. Throughout the next scene we PAN WITH HER *as she walks through the creditors. When she walks to left, we see two more creditors.*

MACNIFF (*wolking*): Aye—aye. We know how much he owes you skin-flints! And you know how much chance you have of being paid before the day this castle's sold! (*Stops in front of last man at left.*)

MACKAYE (*stops her as she returns to the right*): And when will that day come?

MACNIFF: I just could not say.

FERGUS: We'll not wait for it! (*MacNiff goes to him*): We'll get the bailiff and take possession ourselves.

MACNIFF: Possess away then! But get out of my sight, the lot o' you!

FERGUS: What's more, there's someone else in the house after him.

MACNIFF: Who?

(*She starts to right*):

FERGUS: I don't know.

MACNIFF: Where?

PAN WITH HER, *leaving the creditors out. Fergus follows her.*

FERGUS: In the hall.

MACNIFF: Oh, aye! Well, he'll not be there long!

She picks up a broom and exits.

Dissolve to:

INT. HALL—DAY. CLOSE SHOT

Peggy is standing by an armour, looking at it. She turns to right when she hears:

MACNIFF (*off-screen*): How did you come here?

As Peggy walks right, we PAN WITH HER *and discover MacNiff standing at the right.*

PEGGY: Well, I . . . I just walked in that front door. It was open.

MACNIFF: That's no reason. The lock of that door's been broken for two hundred years. What do you want?

PEGGY: I saw a sign that this place was for sale.

MACNIFF: That's still no reason.

PEGGY: Do you know the price?

MACNIFF (*amazed*): You'll not be thinking of buying it, are ye?

Dissolve to:

INT. CORRIDOR—DAY. LONG SHOT

MacNiff enters right background and runs down to a door. She knocks.

MACNIFF: Master Donald!

She exits into room.

14. INT. DONALD'S ROOM—DAY. CLOSE SHOT—3 FT.

As MacNiff steps into the room.

MACNIFF: Master Donald! . . .

15. MEDIUM LONG SHOT—11 FT. 13 FRS.

Shooting through French door out on to terrace. Some one, seated back to camera in a chair, is reading. We see the smoke of a pipe.

DONALD (*off-screen*): What is it?

MACNIFF (*off-screen*): It might be a purchaser!

Donald quickly rises from chair, drops his book and comes forward. He stands in the doorway.

DONALD: Do you think he's serious?

76. CLOSE SHOT—9 FT. 10 FRS.

MacNiff standing in the room.

MACNIFF: It's a she . . . and young, too. But she's got a queer kind of speech.

Donald has entered right.

DONALD: I'll try to understand her.

He exits right.

77. INT. KITCHEN—DAY. MED. CLOSE SHOT—30 FT. 15 FRS.

The creditors are seated around a table. Fergus, with one man standing on either side of him, is adding up Donald's debts.

FERGUS: The debts of Donald Glourie come to a grand total of two thousand, three hundred and seventy-four pounds, eighteen shillings. . . .

(*he rises*):

and four pence ha'penny.

CAMERA TRAVELS BACK

We see all the men around the table. Fergus goes upstage.

MACKAYE: And he hasn't even the ha'penny to pay us.

ROSS: Do you think he'll ever sell this old ruin?

CRAWFORD: Not while the Glourie Ghost walks these halls.

MACKAYE: 'Tis the curse that's

been on his family for ten generations!

The others nod.

78. MED. LONG SHOT—20 FT. 10 FRS.

Fergus standing alone.

FERGUS: Ghost or no ghost, debts are debts and must be paid. Come on! We'll search the castle . . .

(*the others enter right and join him*): . . . till we find the renegade!

(*he starts walking, then stops for a moment*):

And when you find him, don't let him out of your sight!

He exits, followed by the others.

79. INT. HALL—DAY. LONG SHOT—46 FT. 4 FRS.

MacNiff and Donald enter quickly down the stairs and come to Peggy.

MACNIFF (*to Peggy*): This is Mr. Glourie, Miss.

(*She goes.*)

PEGGY (*to Donald*): How do you do?

TRAVEL TO CLOSE SHOT

My name is Peggy Martin.

DONALD (*looking at her*): Oh . . . mine's Donald.

PEGGY: I hear you're interested in selling this castle.

DONALD: Why . . . yes. I . . . I might be interested.

(*indicates the chair*)

Will . . . will you . . . will you sit down?

PEGGY: Y . . . no, er . . . I think I'll just stand. I like to walk around a bit. I'm kind of nervous.

DONALD (*smiling*): That's funny. So am I.

He leans on the back of the chair. The chair collapses and both almost lose their balance.

Oh!

80. CLOSE-UP—41 FT. 3 FRS.

Peggy and Donald as they straighten up.

PEGGY: Oh . . . that's too bad!

DONALD: It doesn't really matter. I break something every day, just for the pleasure of putting it together again.

(*She smiles*):

Are you an American?

PEGGY: Yes. How'd you guess it?

(*He stares at her*):

Why do you keep staring at me like that? Have you never seen an American before?

DONALD: Oh, yes. Several.

PEGGY: Where? In the Zoo?

DONALD (*smiling*): Please forgive me. It's just that . . . well . . . we don't often have anything worth staring at in this ca . . .

There is a noise off. They look off right.

MACKAYE (*off-screen*): Mister [illegible] Glourie . . .

81. MEDIUM SHOT—6 FT. 11 FRS.
MacKaye standing in the doorway.

. . . There is a financial matter to discuss.

82. LONG SHOT—44 FT. 8 FRS.
Donald and Peggy right foreground, MacKaye in doorway background.

DONALD: Oh, yes, of course. Do sit down.

(*To Peggy, as they start towards the stairway*):

I'm not at all sure that I do want to sell this castle, but I'll be glad to show you around.

PEGGY: Why, thank you.

DONALD (*as they go up the stairs*): Of course, some of the panelling is falling to pieces, but it can easily be repaired. . . .

They go up the stairs. MacKaye starts following them. Dissolve to:

INT. FIRST CORRIDOR—DAY. LONG SHOT
Donald and Peggy enter from stairs right and come to a door on landing at right.

PEGGY (*as they walk*): Oh, I love it! You've no idea what it means to us to see something that isn't new!

DONALD (*indicating door*): Oh . . . here is the room that Mary Queen of Scots slept in.

MacKaye appears from the stairs as Peggy, then Donald, exit into the room. MacKaye stops.

83. CLOSE-UP—5 FT. 15 FRS.

of MacKaye. He sees some one off right.

MACKAYE: Psst! . . . Psst! . . . psst! . . . Hey! . . .

84. LONG SHOT—36 FT. 10 FRS.

Reverse angle of the corridor. A creditor is coming towards the door from the background.

(*off-screen*): . . . He's in that room!

The second creditor stops facing the door just as Peggy and Donald enter from the room.

DONALD (*to creditor*): Oh, how . . . how do you do?

He quickly takes Peggy's arm and they walk up-stage, followed by the second creditor and MacKaye, who enters left.

Dissolve to:

INT. HALL—DAY. LONG SHOT

of the stairway. Peggy and Donald coming down the stairs, followed by the creditors. As Peggy and Donald stop at the bottom of the steps, the creditors stop on the landing.

PEGGY: It probably sounds silly to you, but I guess every American has a hankering for this kind of romance . . . and beauty, and . . . (*she turns towards Donald*): . . . and peacefulness. . . .

She sees the men, who have stopped on the landing.

5. CLOSE-UP—22 FT. 10 FRS.

Reverse. Peggy and Donald.

. . . Who are all those cheerful-looking men?

DONALD: Oh, they're . . . they're just business men.

PEGGY: Do they want to buy the castle?

DONALD: Yes. They're very keen to get possession of it.

He and Peggy start walking away.

Dissolve to:

EXT. CASTLE—DAY. LONG SHOT

At the door of the castle. As five of the creditors enter from the castle and line up on the steps, watching something off right with surprise.

3. MEDIUM SHOT—30 FT. 15 FRS.

Peggy and Donald standing by Peggy's car. In the background we see the creditors on the steps.

PEGGY (*looking around*): I think it's lovely!

DONALD (*looking at her*): Yes, lovely!

PEGGY: I'm sure you'd hate to part with it.

DONALD: Well, I'd hate to let any of them have it.

PEGGY (*she laughs*): We haven't said anything about the price!

DONALD: Oh, no! Oh, there's no need to mention that.

PEGGY (*getting into the car*): I'll leave that to my father. Would it be all right if I brought him here? . . .

(*Donald steps to the car and leans on it*):

. . . and my mother too?

DONALD: Of course! . . .

87. CLOSE SHOT—24 FT. 10 FRS.
Reverse. Peggy in the car, Donald standing at the right

DONALD: Perhaps you could bring them here for dinner this evening?

(*Peggy smiles*): Have you any other relatives?

PEGGY: No.

DONALD: I *mean . . . no husbands or anything like that?*

PEGGY: Oh! Not even one. What time shall we be here?

DONALD: Oh, as early as possible . . . *I* mean . . .

(*he steps back*): . . . eight o'clock.

PEGGY: Eight o'clock.

88. CLOSE-UP—30 FT. 11 FRS.
Donald, looking down off at Peggy.

DONALD: And if, for any reason, your parents can't come, you'll come anyway, won't you?

PEGGY (*off-screen*): Oh, don't worry, I'll have them here. Good-bye, Mr. Glourie!

DONALD: Good-bye, Miss . . .
(*off, her car starts*): Miss . . .

CAR NOISE DISSOLVES OUT

Donald looks after her, off-left, smiling.

Dissolve to:

INT. CASTLE HALL—DAY. MED. LONG SHOT

Group of creditors, including Fergus, who is seated on table at right.

FERGUS (*rising from the table*): And who's to furnish this fine dinner?

MACKAYE: And the champagne?

ROSS: And who's to serve it?

89. MEDIUM SHOT—18 FT. 8 FRS.

Mrs. MacNiff and Donald standing on the stairs.

DONALD (*indicating off-screen*): *You'll* furnish the meat, Mr. Ross. I think we'll have grouse. And the champagne from you, Mr. MacKaye. And, Mr. Crawford, we'll have some of your best salmon.

As he ends the line, he quickly turns and goes up the stairs. MacNiff comes down the stairs.

MACNIFF: And all of you'll help to serve it!

90. MEDIUM SHOT—116 FT. 5 FRS.

The creditors.

ROSS: What?

MACKAYE: The insolence of the woman!

FERGUS: We'll see you in jail first, and him too!

CAMERA TRAVELS BACK

MacNiff is discovered left foreground.

MACNIFF: Come into the kitchen and we'll all have a glass of whisky and talk it over.

MACKAYE: We will not.

FERGUS: We're self-respecting tradesmen and we'll not.

MACNIFF (*steps to them*): Ye heard the talk just now, didn't ye?

CRAWFORD: Aye, we did, but . . .

FERGUS: Aye, but . . .

Dissolve to:

INT. KITCHEN—DAY. CLOSE-UP

of MacNiff's hand pouring whisky in a glass held Fergus. She stops and he motions for more. Her ha pours again. CAMERA TRAVELS BACK *and we that Fergus is seated at the kitchen table.*

MACNIFF (*off-screen*): The lass is an American, and all Americans are filthy with money. Is that not so?

PAN TO RIGHT

MACKAYE (*off-screen*): I've heard of some that used to be.

(*We now see him. MacNiff's hand about to pour whisky into his glass. He puts his hand over glass*):

That whisky was furnished by me and I'm still owed for it.

MACNIFF (*off-screen*): Come, come, now, Mr. MacKaye. Even if it isn't paid for, it's still whisky.

(*He uncovers his glass, she pours. He motions, she stops.*)

CAMERA TRAVELS BACK

and we see MacNiff, as she continues:

I know Master Donald owes you all . . .

CAMERA PANS LEFT

showing the creditors.

(*off-screen*): . . . especially you, Mr. Ross, you flint-hearted moneylender . . .

Ross looks at her off.

. . . but the only chance you have of being paid is for him to sell the castle to those Americans.

START BACK TO RIGHT

FERGUS (*off-screen*): What about the Glourie Ghost? At midnight he'll be appearing. . .

We see Fergus, MacNiff, and MacKaye.

. . . and there'll be no sale.

MACNIFF: They'll see no ghost. We'll give them a good dinner. And long before midnight they'll have agreed to buy the castle and we'll be rid of them.

FERGUS: Hmm . . . maybe! (*he rises*): Come with me, lads. We must give this matter some thought.

He drinks and puts his glass down. As the men start out, MacNiff grabs the whisky bottle which MacKaye is taking away with him.

CAMERA TRAVELS BACK

MacNiff is discovered left foreground.

MACNIFF: Come into the kitchen and we'll all have a glass of whisky and talk it over.

MACKAYE: We will not.

FERGUS: We're self-respecting tradesmen and we'll not.

MACNIFF (*steps to them*): Ye heard the talk just now, didn't ye?

CRAWFORD: Aye, we did, but . . .

FERGUS: Aye, but . . .

Dissolve to:

INT. KITCHEN—DAY. CLOSE-UP

of MacNiff's hand pouring whisky in a glass hel Fergus. She stops and he motions for more. Her h pours again. CAMERA TRAVELS BACK *and re that Fergus is seated at the kitchen table.*

MACNIFF (*off-screen*): The lass is an American, and all Americans are filthy with money. Is that not so?

PAN TO RIGHT

MACKAYE (*off-screen*): I've heard of some that used to be.

(*We now see him. MacNiff's hand about to pour whisky into his glass. He puts his hand over glass*):

That whisky was furnished by me and I'm still owed for it.

MACNIFF (*off-screen*): Come, come, now, Mr. MacKaye. Even if it isn't paid for, it's still whisky.

(*He uncovers his glass, she pours. He motions, she stops.*)

CAMERA TRAVELS BACK

and we see MacNiff, as she continues:

I know Master Donald owes you all . . .

CAMERA PANS LEFT

showing the creditors.

(*off-screen*): . . . especially you, Mr. Ross, you flint-hearted moneylender . . .

Ross looks at her off.

. . . but the only chance you have of being paid is for him to sell the castle to those Americans.

START BACK TO RIGHT

FERGUS (*off-screen*): What about the Glourie Ghost? At midnight he'll be appearing. . .

We see Fergus, MacNiff, and MacKaye.

. . . and there'll be no sale.

MACNIFF: They'll see no ghost. We'll give them a good dinner. And long before midnight they'll have agreed to buy the castle and we'll be rid of them.

FERGUS: Hmm . . . maybe! (*he rises*): Come with me, lads. We must give this matter some thought.

He drinks and puts his glass down. As the men start out, MacNiff grabs the whisky bottle which MacKaye is taking away with him.

CAMERA TRAVELS BACK

MacNiff is discovered left foreground.

MACNIFF: Come into the kitchen and we'll all have a glass of whisky and talk it over.

MACKAYE: We will not.

FERGUS: We're self-respecting tradesmen and we'll not.

MACNIFF (*steps to them*): Ye heard the talk just now, didn't ye?

CRAWFORD: Aye, we did, but . . .

FERGUS: Aye, but . . .

Dissolve to:

INT. KITCHEN—DAY. CLOSE-UP

of MacNiff's hand pouring whisky in a glass held by Fergus. She stops and he motions for more. Her hand pours again. CAMERA TRAVELS BACK *and we see that Fergus is seated at the kitchen table.*

MACNIFF (*off-screen*): The lass is an American, and all Americans are filthy with money. Is that not so?

PAN TO RIGHT

MACKAYE (*off-screen*): I've heard of some that used to be.

(*We now see him. MacNiff's hand about to pour whisky into his glass. He puts his hand over glass*):

That whisky was furnished by me and I'm still owed for it.

MACNIFF (*off-screen*): Come, come, now, Mr. MacKaye. Even if it isn't paid for, it's

(He uncovers his glass, she pours. He motions, she stops.)

CAMERA TRAVELS BACK

and we see MacNiff, as she continues:

I know Master Donald owes you all . . .

CAMERA PANS LEFT

showing the creditors.

(*off-screen*): . . . especially you, Mr. Ross, you flint-hearted moneylender . . .

Ross looks at her off.

. . . but the only chance you have of being paid is for him to sell the castle to those Americans.

START BACK TO RIGHT

FERGUS (*off-screen*): What about the Glourie Ghost? At midnight he'll be appearing. . .

We see Fergus, MacNiff, and MacKaye.

. . . and there'll be no sale.

MACNIFF: They'll see no ghost. We'll give them a good dinner. And long before midnight they'll have agreed to buy the castle and we'll be rid of them.

FERGUS: Hmm . . . maybe! (*he rises*): Come with me, lads. We must give this matter some thought.

He drinks and puts his glass down. As the men start out, MacNiff grabs the whisky bottle which MacKaye is taking away with him.

frightened my grandmother out of her wits. Huh! I'll keep my eye on that clock!

As he turns to look at the clock:

Dissolve to:

INT. CASTLE DINING-ROOM—NIGHT. LONG SHOT *showing the table, with Donald, Mrs. Martin, Peggy and Martin seated. Fergus is serving.*

MARTIN: You know, I'm in the retail grocery business. . . . . *Chain stores all over the United* States. . . .

94. CLOSE-UP—7 FT. 9 FRS.
of Martin.

. . . Over twenty million customers. Quite a responsibility knowing that every day you have . . .

95. CLOSE SHOT—21 FT. 6 FRS.
of Donald.

(*off-screen*): . . . twenty million stomachs to fill! (*He laughs.*)

DONALD (*smiles off at Martin*): Oh! . . . Yes. . . .

FERGUS: They've drunk the whole bottle.

DONALD: Open another.

FERGUS: Remember, it's twenty-two and six a bottle.

He exits right as MacKaye enters left.

MACKAYE: And remember also that's my stud.

Donald, embarrassed, smiles.

MRS. MARTIN (*off-screen*): This place seems very . . .

96. CLOSE-UP—14 FT. 10 FRS.
of Mrs. Martin.

(*off-screen*): . . . antique.

PEGGY (*off-screen*): It's six hundred years old, mother.

MRS. MARTIN: I knew I could feel a sense of the past here! Is it, by any chance . . .

97. CLOSE SHOT—12 FT. 5 FRS.
of Peggy. Fergus is standing behind her.

(*off-screen*): haunted?

PEGGY (*to Donald, off left*): Mother's scared to death of ghosts. But I'm not. I'd love to meet one.

Fergus gives her a look and exits right.

MRS. MARTIN (*off-screen*): Well, I have no desire for dealings with the other world. . . .

98. CLOSE SHOT—11 FT.
of Donald. He is looking at Mrs. Martin off right.

(*off-screen*): Is there a ghost, Mr. Glourie?

DONALD (*embarrassed*): Oh, well. . . . I . . . I suppose there are legends about every old place.

MARTIN (*off-screen*): Well, I'll . . .

99. CLOSE SHOT—35 FT. 11 FRS.

Martin, speaking to Mrs. Martin, off:

. . . answer your question, Gladys. (*Fergus enters with platter*): . . . There isn't any ghost here or anywhere else, because ghosts simply don't exist outside of—er . . . mystery stories. (*to Fergus*): If you don't mind, I'll have some more of that duck.

FERGUS: Duck! (*he looks highly insulted*): It's grouse!

MARTIN: Well, what's the difference?

FERGUS (*spearing a piece and putting it on Martin's plate*): Eleven shillings and eight pence!

MARTIN (*as Fergus exits*): Thank you.

MRS. MARTIN (*off-screen*): Ever since I had my nervous breakdown, I've been . . .

100. CLOSE SHOT—22 FT. 14 FRS.

of Mrs. Martin

. . . extremely psychic. And if there were a ghost here, *I* should see him and hear him.

WAIL OF BAGPIPES

We see three of the creditors, in kilts, playing bagpipes, as they enter through a small door behind Mrs. Martin. They start to exit right, playing.

BAGPIPE MUSIC

What's that?

101. MED. LONG SHOT—6 FT. 1 FR.

BAGPIPE MUSIC

Donald, Mrs. Martin and Peggy. The bagpipers, playing, walk around the table, passing behind Donald, then Peggy, and going out right.

102. MED. CLOSE SHOT—11 FT. 2 FRS.

of Martin as the players pass behind him left to right.

BAGPIPE MUSIC

MARTIN: What is it?

103. MED. LONG SHOT—9 FT. 1 FR.

As the players again pass from right, behind Mrs. Martin, Donald and Peggy.

DONALD: Only the bagpipes, Mr. Martin. An old Scottish custom during dinner.

MARTIN (*off-screen*): An old Scotch custom, eh? . . .

104. MED. CLOSE SHOT—30 FT. 13 FRS.

of Martin as the players again pass behind him left to right.

. . . It sounds great!
(*He sees that his glass is empty and holds it out to Fergus*): Er . . .
some more champagne, please.

MUSIC

Fergus and MacKaye right. They walk down to Martin from background.

FERGUS: Huh?

MARTIN: Some more champagne!

Fergus and MacKaye exchange a look. Fergus goes left and MacKaye goes right. While Martin looks off right the players, we

MUSIC FADES OUT

Fade-out

Fade-in

105. INT. CASTLE HALL—NIGHT. CLOSE-UP—5 FT. 13 FRS.

of the clock. It is 11.40.

FERGUS (*off-screen*): Eight pounds, three shillings . . .

106. MED. SHOT—36 FT. 15 FRS.

Fergus and MacKaye by the table.

. . . and a penny.

MACKAYE (*writing*): Aye.

FERGUS: Gather up the rest of the whisky, Mr. MacKaye. I'll take the cigars.

(*He puts them back in box*): We must be away.

MACKAYE: First, I must get back my stud!

FERGUS: There's little time left. . . . I've heard . . .

(*as he goes left*, PAN WITH HIM, *leaving MacKaye out. He stops at table*): . . . it's right here, by this table, the monster comes into view each night. . . .

MARTIN (*off screen*): It certainly is old, but aren't you ever afraid that it might fall to pieces?

Fergus hides the cigars behind his back.

DONALD (*off-screen*): Oh, it does need a little . . .

107. MED. SHOT—16 FT. 11 FRS.

At the door, Donald and Martin speaking.

. . . reconstruction here and there.

MARTIN: Yeah. . . .

He exits right as Mrs. Martin and Peggy enter.

MRS. MARTIN: What time is it?

PEGGY: Oh, it's early, mother.

MRS. MARTIN: We ought to get home before midnight.

(*Donald exits left*): It's what they call the 'witching hour for . . .

108. MED. CLOSE SHOT—15 FT.

Martin enters left to the table.

(*off-screen*): . . . departed spirits.

MARTIN: If you don't stop talking about ghosts. . .

(*he sits on the table*): . . . you'll be dreaming about them all night. Maybe I'm dreaming! I'd have sworn . . .

109. MED. SHOT—21 FT. 4 FRS.

MacKaye and Fergus.

(*off-screen*): . . . there was a decanter of whisky on that table a moment ago.

MacKaye hides the whisky behind his back.

DONALD (*off-screen*): Some whisky for Mr. Martin.

. . . I counted only eleven strokes!

MRS. MARTIN: But the clock says twelve.

There is a crash off. Both look right, off.

116. CLOSE SHOT—31 FT. 1 FR.

The table with the candlesticks. Mrs. Martin screams, off. PAN TO RIGHT. *We hear Martin's voice before we see him.*

SCREAM

MARTIN (*off-screen*): I hope I haven't broken anything very valuable . . .

We see him now. He has apparently, in trying to sit in the broken arm-chair, fallen back into an armour.

. . . Sorry. I bumped into one of your ancestors. . . .

DONALD (*enters right and helps him*): It's all right. Let me help you. . . . Are you hurt?

MARTIN (*now standing*): I'm all right, but I'd suggest that you did a little construction here and there on that chair!

DONALD (*smiling*): Oh, that's quite all right, Mr. Martin. Well, you see, it's after midnight . . .

117. CLOSE SHOT—6 FT. 1 FR.

Peggy and Mrs. Martin.

(*off-screen*): . . . and nothing's happened.

PEGGY: I'm *sort of* disappointed.

MARTIN (*off-screen*): The only thing that's happened . . .

118. CLOSE SHOT—16 FT. 5 FRS.

Martin, as he enters to table from right:

. . . is that somebody's sneaked away with the whisky again. (*Puts glass down on table between candlesticks*): Well, come on, Gladys . . . (*he exits left*): . . . we'll take you home.

As he exits, we TRAVEL UP *to* CLOSE-UP *of a glass on the table.*

Fade-out

Fade-in

119. EXT. CASTLE—NIGHT. CLOSE SHOT—18 FT.

Martin in car, speaking out of the window. We see Mrs. Martin seated next to him.

MARTIN: Good night, Mr. Glourie. Thank you for a nice, quiet evening. Maybe to-morrow we can get together and talk a little business.

DONALD (*off-screen*): Good-night!

MARTIN (*to Peggy off left*): Do you want to go first, Peggy?

120. CLOSE SHOT—11 FT. 14 FRS.

Peggy in her car.

PEGGY: No, you go ahead, dad. I'll follow you. (*Off, we hear Martin's car start—to Donald*): Good night, Mr. Glourie. You've been very kind.

121. CLOSE-UP—4 FT. 6 FRS.
of Donald standing in open door.

DONALD: You will come back, won't you?

PEGGY: (*off screen*): Oh, I'll come back . . .

122. CLOSE SHOT—3 FT. 15 FRS.
Peggy in car.

. . . You may be sure.

DONALD (*off-screen*): Good night!

She waves at him off. We hear a motor horn.

MOTOR HORN

MOTOR NOISE

123. CLOSE SHOT—7 FT. 13 FRS.
Donald standing in doorway. He looks off, smiling, as we hear Peggy's car starting and driving away. He turns and starts into the hall.

MOTOR DISSOLVES OUT

124. INT. HALL—NIGHT. CLOSE SHOT—22 FT. 5 FRS.
Donald stops in doorway and speaks.

DONALD: Murdoch Glourie, for the first time in history, you've been considerate. You've done me a good turn . . . and for that I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

MACNIFF (*off-screen*): Don't thank him, Master Donald. Thank me!

DONALD (*looks off left*): You?

125. CLOSE SHOT—20 FT. 2 FRS.
MacNiff standing by the clock.

MACNIFF: When you were at dinner, I set it ahead an hour. (*She resets the clock*): That's the right time now!

It is 11.20.

Dissolve to:

MOTOR NOISE

EXT.—NIGHT INSERT

of a clock showing 11.21 TRAVEL BACK. *We see it is the dashboard clock on Peggy's car. Her left hand shows on the wheel.*

126. CLOSE-UP—23 FT. 13 FRS.

Peggy driving in her car. She looks at the clock, sees the time, stops the car and looks back.

MOTOR STOPS

Dissolve to:

MOTOR NOISE LOW

EXT. CASTLE—NIGHT. EXTREME LONG SHOT

The castle in the night. We see the lights of Peggy's car as it nears the castle.

MOTOR NOISE LOW

127. EXT. CASTLE—NIGHT. LONG SHOT—38 FT. 15 FRS.

The lights of Peggy's car enter from left, pass on the castle doors left to right, then come back and stop on doors. The car stops.

NOISE STOPS

Dissolve to:

INT. DONALD'S ROOM—NIGHT. MED. LONG SHOT

Donald, humming, walks to foreground table. He looks down and suddenly stops humming. He sees that he has lost the shirt stud.

DONALD: Oh! . . . huh . . . huh?

. . .

He exits left to look for the stud. PAN LEFT *and centre on the door. We hear four knocks.*

KNOCKS

128. MED. LONG SHOT—13 FT. 13 FRS.

Donald standing by the foot of the bed.

DONALD: All right, Murdoch. Come forth whenever you please.

The knocks are repeated.

KNOCKS

PEGGY (*off-screen*): Hullo! Is anybody awake?

Donald turns and runs towards the door.

129. CLOSE SHOT—22 FT. 12 FRS.

At the door. Donald enters left to door.

DONALD: Who is it?

PEGGY (*off-screen*): It's that American . . . Peggy!

Donald opens the door and steps out right while we TRAVEL UP *to* CLOSE-UP *of Peggy in doorway:*

I'm terribly sorry to disturb you like this . . .

DONALD (*off-screen*): Have you forgotten something?

PEGGY: No. I just wanted to tell you about your clock downstairs. It's fast!

130. CLOSE-UP—13 FT. 9 FRS.

of Donald. He smiles.

DONALD: Is it?

PEGGY (*off-screen*): One hour. But that's not the real reason I came, Donald. You don't mind my calling you Donald, do you?

DONALD: Oh, no, Peggy, I don't mind.

131. CLOSE-UP—15 FT. 3 FRS.

of Peggy. She is embarrassed.

PEGGY: Well, er . . . the fact is . . . you really never get to know a place until after you've stayed in it a bit. So . . . would it upset you awfully if I were to spend the night here?

132. CLOSE-UP—7 FT. 10 FRS.

of Donald. He is also embarrassed.

DONALD: Oh, no . . . of course not. But . . . er . . .

PEGGY (*off-screen*): Well, any old bedroom will do.

DONALD: WELL . . .

133. CLOSE-UP—14 FT. 10 FRS.

of Peggy:

(*off-screen*): . . . but they're all so terribly uncomfortable . . .

PEGGY: I don't mind.

DONALD (*off-screen*): And so cold . . .

PEGGY: We can light a fire, can't we?

Dissolve to:

INT. PEGGY'S ROOM—NIGHT. CLOSE SHOT *of fire burning in the fireplace.*

FIRE NOISE

134. MED. LONG SHOT—40 FT. 6 FRS.

MacNiff at the bed and Peggy standing near the foot of the bed. MacNiff is pulling the warming-pan out of the bed.

MACNIFF: It's not easy to sleep in this castle. You may hear noises.

PEGGY: What kind of noises?

MACNIFF: Sometimes they might be like footsteps, sometimes like moans.

PEGGY: Oh! It sounds sort of scarey.

MACNIFF: Och! No, no! It'll just be the wind whistling through the cracks in the walls and rattling the old boards. (*She exits right.*)

PEGGY (*to MacNiff off right*): Tell me, Mrs. MacNiff! Is there anything in all this about a ghost?

MACNIFF (*off-screen*): I tell you, Miss . . .

135. CLOSE SHOT—16 FT. 6 FRS.

MacNiff, standing by the door:

. . . . whatever ye hear, it's only the wind.

CREAK OF DOOR

She goes out, closing the door.

END OF REEL 4

REEL 5

136. EXT. CASTLE TERRACE—NIGHT. LONG SHOT—12 FT. 2 FRS.

As Donald enters from his room to the terrace.

DONALD (*looking off-right*): Murdoch! Murdoch Glourie! . . .

137. CLOSE-UP—34 FT. 3 FRS.

of Donald, looking off-right.

. . . I want to ask you a favour: be quiet . . . just this one night . . .

TWO STROKES

A clock strikes twice. Donald turns and looks off-left.

Dissolve to:

FIVE CHIMES

INT. HALL—NIGHT. CLOSE SHOT.

The glass between the candlesticks on the table. The interior clock is chiming. TRAVEL UP TO CLOSE-UP *of glass. On the fifth stroke, the glass is shattered invisibly.*

GLASS BREAKING

FIVE STROKES

138. MEDIUM SHOT—98 FT. 4 FRS.

of the clock, showing twelve and striking. On the fifth stroke, as the weights go up, we see the shadow of a door being opened on the right, and music starts. We hear the last two strokes through the music.

MUSIC STARTS

Dissolve to:

MUSIC STARTS

INT. CORRIDOR—NIGHT. MED. LONG SHOT.

INT. PEGGY'S ROOM—NIGHT. CLOSE SHOT *of fire burning in the fireplace.*

FIRE NOISE

134. MED. LONG SHOT—40 FT. 6 FRS.

MacNiff at the bed and Peggy standing near the foot of the bed. MacNiff is pulling the warming-pan out of the bed.

MACNIFF: It's not easy to sleep in this castle. You may hear noises.

PEGGY: What kind of noises?

MACNIFF: Sometimes they might be like footsteps, sometimes like moans.

PEGGY: Oh! It sounds sort of scarey.

MACNIFF: Och! No, no! It'll just be the wind whistling through the cracks in the walls and rattling the old boards. (*She exits right.*)

PEGGY (*to MacNiff off right*): Tell me, Mrs. MacNiff! Is there anything in all this about a ghost?

MACNIFF (*off-screen*): I tell you, Miss . . .

135. CLOSE SHOT—16 FT. 6 FRS.

MacNiff, standing by the door:

. . . . whatever ye hear, it's only the wind.

CREAK OF DOOR

She goes out, closing the door.

END OF REEL 4

REEL 5

136. EXT. CASTLE TERRACE—NIGHT. LONG SHOT—12 FT. 2 FRS.

As Donald enters from his room to the terrace.

DONALD (*looking off-right*): Murdochi Murdoch Glouriel . . .

137. CLOSE-UP—34 FT. 3 FRS.

of Donald, looking off-right.

. . . I want to ask you a favour: be quiet . . . just this one night . . .

TWO STROKES

A clock strikes twice. Donald turns and looks off-left.

Dissolve to:

FIVE CHIMES

INT. HALL—NIGHT. CLOSE SHOT.

The glass between the candlesticks on the table. The interior clock is chiming. TRAVEL UP TO CLOSE-UP *of glass. On the fifth stroke, the glass is shattered invisibly.*

GLASS BREAKING

FIVE STROKES

138. MEDIUM SHOT—98 FT. 4 FRS.

of the clock, showing twelve and striking. On the fifth stroke, as the weights go up, we see the shadow of a door being opened on the right, and music starts. We hear the last two strokes through the music.

MUSIC STARTS

Dissolve to:

MUSIC STARTS

INT. CORRIDOR—NIGHT. MED. LONG SHOT.

In corridor, TRAVEL *from left to right. We stop in front of a door. The music pauses and we hear three knocks. As the Camera pans again, music resumes. This is repeated on another door.*

KNOCKS, MUSIC

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

INT. STAIRWAY—NIGHT. CLOSE SHOT.
Travelling up alongside stair bannister. We see the cobwebs moving as though someone were passing near them.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

INT. PEGGY'S ROOM—NIGHT. LONG SHOT.
The room, seen from exterior through a window. Peggy enters from the right and sits on the end of the bed.

MUSIC

139. INT. PEGGY'S ROOM. CLOSE SHOT—12 FT. 2 FRS.
Peggy seated on the bed. There is a pause in the music and we hear three knocks. Peggy looks up, off, surprised, then:

KNOCKS, MUSIC

Peggy: Come in!

But no one comes in, and Peggy rises and goes out right.

MUSIC

140. MED. SHOT—7 FT. 15 FRS.
At the door Peggy enters to the door from right and starts opening it.

MUSIC

WIND NOISE

141. LONG SHOT—30 FT. 7 FRS.

As Peggy opens the door and steps out on to the terrace. TRAVEL UP TO DOOR *and stop. Peggy walks away from us, and the wind blows up the cape on her shoulder so that it covers her head. She puts her hands up to hold it and continues walking away towards the end of the terrace.*

MUSIC ENDS

142. MEDIUM SHOT—27 FT. 5 FRS.

Peggy, as she suddenly turns. A shadow is seen left foreground.

PEGGY: Who is there?

The shadow moves and we see an arm being lowered.

PEGGY: Why . . . it's Mr. Glourie!

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): It is.

PEGGY: Oh . . . you scared me. For a moment, I thought you were . . . a ghost!

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): I am a ghost . . .

143. CLOSE SHOT—17 FT. 2 FRS.

of Murdoch.

. . . I am the famous Glourie ghost that haunts this castle through the darkness of night . . . searching . . . searching for a despised . . .

144. CLOSE SHOT—69 FT. 13 FRS.

of Peggy.

(*off-screen*): . . . MacLaggan!

PEGGY (*she laughs*): So, that's the explanation!

She walks to right. PAN WITH HER *until we have Peggy and Murdoch in* CLOSE SHOT.

. . . And I always thought you Scotch people had no sense of humour!

MURDOCH: So, you don't believe me!

PEGGY: Of course, I do! And I think you look marvellous in that fancy-dress costume.

MURDOCH: Oh . . . it's just what I happened to be wearing on the day of my death . . . and my disgrace.

PEGGY: Your death?

MURDOCH: Hmm, hmm.

PEGGY: And when did that happen?

MURDOCH: Well, I . . . I forget the exact date, but . . , it must have been about two hundred years ago.

PEGOY: Two hundred years?

MURDOCH: Hmm, hmm.

PEGGY: Oh! . . . and you *look* so young!

MURDOCH (*puts hands behind back*): *Don't you know that we* never age, or aren't you used to meeting ghosts?

145. CLOSE-UP—26 FT. 5 FRS.
of Peggy.

PEGGY: No. This in my first encounter, and I am surprised that I'm not terrified of you, Donald.

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): Why do you call me Donald when my name is Murdoch?

PEGGY: 'Cause I'm no more frightened of Murdoch than I would be of Donald.

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): I'm glad of that . . .

146. CLOSE-UP—34 FT.
of Murdoch.

MUSIC STARTS LOW

. . . for I should hate to alarm such a pretty young *girl*, and you're the first I've met since the day of that ill-fated battle . . . It was a shepherdess then . . . I believe. I'd just started teaching her a game, and she was enjoying it very, very much . . .

147. MEDIUM SHOT—33 FT. 1 FR.
Peggy and Murdoch.

PEGGY: And what sort of a game was it?

MURDOCH: Spell-me-a-Riddle. Do you know it?

MUSIC

PEGGY: No. How is it played?

MURDOCH (*stops towards her*): Well, you see, I ask you a riddle . . .

PEGGY: Hmm, hmm.

MURDOCH: And if you can't answer it by the time I've spelt Killie crankie, you *must* pay a forfeit. Now . . . this is the riddle . . .

They start forward.

MUSIC

148. LONG SHOT—37 FT. 3 FRS.

from exterior of the terrace. CAMERA TRAVELS *with them as they walk left to right.*

. . . What is the difference betwixt a thistle in the heather and a kiss in the dark? Now, you must answer: K-I-L-L-I-E-C-R-A-N-K-I-E.

PEGGY: (*stops walking*): I give up.

MURDOCH: Well, you must pay the forfeit . . . (*leans towards her*): . . . with a kiss.

PEGGY (*passes in front of him and stops at right*): No . . . but first you must tell me: what *is* the difference between a *thistle* and a kiss?

MURDOCH: Oh, the forfeit comes first.

PEGGY: Oh no, it doesn't!

She runs off right.

149. MEDIUM SHOT—25 FT. 3 FRS.

MUSIC

At the door of Peggy's room, as she enters left.

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): I tell you it does!

PEGGY (*turns in doorway*): And I tell you good night!

MUSIC LOUDER

She closes the door. Murdoch enters left and goes towards the door as though to pass through it.

GLOURIE'S VOICE: Murdoch, my son!

Murdoch stops and turns front.

MURDOCH: I know, father . . .

He walks off left.

MUSIC

150. LONG SHOT—23 FT. 1 FR.

of the terrace. Murdoch is walking away from us.

. . . I must never again let a pretty face divert me from my true purpose. But it's been . . . (*he starts dissolving out*): . . . such a long, long time since I saw one as nice as that . . .

MUSIC CHANGES TO MORNING THEME

Fade-out

He dissolves out.

MUSIC

Fade-in

151. EXT. CASTLE—DAY. LONG SHOT—31 FT. 1 FR.

We see a flock of sheep being driven away from camera. PAN RIGHT *to show front of the castle. Five of the*

creditors are walking and arrive at the bottom of castle steps. MacNiff steps towards them from the door.

MUSIC STOPS.

152. MED LONG SHOT—11 FT.

MacNiff and the creditors. The men stop walking.

MACNIFF: Everything's all right. The American came back. He's in there with Master Donald now. Fergus is with them.

153. INT. HALL—DAY. MED. LONG SHOT—19 FT. 1 FR.

Fergus is walking away from camera and passes the stairs. Peggy enters from upstairs left and stops.

PEGGY (*looking off-right*): Good morning, Donald!

DONALD (*off-screen*): Hullo!

PEGGY: Is my father still there?

DONALD (*off-screen*): Yes. Do you want to see him?

PEGGY: Wait . . .

As she comes down the last steps and walks right, PAN AND TRAVEL *with her. We see Donald.*

. . . I'd like to have a few words with you first.

154. CLOSE-UP—8 FT. 7 FRS.

of Donald. Peggy off-left.

(*off-screen*): . . . I like people who do crazy things . . .

DONALD: Crazy things?

155. CLOSE-UP—10 FT. 12 FRS.

of Peggy. Donald, off-right.

PEGGY (*nods*): Hmm . . . like dressing up and pretending to be a ghost. You know, you had me almost scared for a minute last night . . .

156. CLOSE-UP—7 FT. 3 FRS.

DONALD: Oh . . . had I?

PEGGY (*off-screen*): And when I saw you in that magnificent costume . . .

157. CLOSE-UP—8 FT. 6 FRS.

of Peggy.

. . . with the tartan over your shoulder and the big silver buckle . . .

DONALD (*off-screen*): Silver buckle? . . . Oh! . . .

158. CLOSE-UP—6 FT. 6 FRS.

of Donald.

. . . yes! You thought he looked . . . I looked well in that?

PEGGY (*off-screen*): Oh, much more handsome . . .

159. CLOSE-UP—35 FT. 5 FRS.

of Peggy.

. . . than you do now. And gayer, too . . . Are you going to tell me the answer?

DONALD (*off-screen*): To what?

PEGGY: The riddle you asked me, about the kiss and the thistle.

DONALD (*off-screen*): Oh, no. No. I . . . I can't tell you now . . .

PEGGY: Oh, I guess I'll never know the answer until I pay the forfeit. Well . . . here it is.

She pulls him to her and kisses him.

160. MED. CLOSE SHOT—53 FT. 3 FRS.

Reverse angle. The end of the kiss. Peggy lets Donald go. He stares at her. CAMERA TRAVELS BACK TO MED. SHOT.

PEGGY: And . . . and now, what's the answer?

DONALD: Oh, no! You can't have the answer yet.

PEGGY: But, I've paid for it!

DONALD: Do you think one kiss is enough for the secret mystery of *Glourie Castle*? Oh, no . . . that's . . . that's only the beginning of the forfeit!

PEGGY: But what else must I do?

DONALD: Well, you'll find out later, Peggy. Only now, I'm . . . I'm busy. Go and talk to your father. He's in there . . (*indicates off left*):

PEGGY (*looks off left, then, with a little gesture*): Later! . . .

She goes left. He crosses his arms and looks after her.

Dissolve to:

INT. HALL—DAY. MED. SHOT.

The creditors are standing around Fergus, who is

leaning over the table adding up something in a little book.

FERGUS: Plus nine pounds, three shillings and sixpence for last night's dinner.

MACKAYE: Plus four pounds for my shirt stud . . .

161. CLOSE-UP—4 FT. 12 FRS.

of Donald. He is not listening. He is looking off left, obviously thinking of Peggy.

(*off-screen*): . . . Remember, it's an heirloom and solid gold.

162. MED. LONG SHOT—5 FT. 5 FRS.

The group of creditors. Fergus finishes writing and tears the page off the book.

FERGUS: Here's the grand total.

He hands the paper to MacKaye, who takes it and hands it off-left.

163. CLOSE SHOT—12 FT. 4 FRS.

Donald. MacKaye's hand holding the paper in right. Donald does not see it. MacKaye shakes the paper and attracts Donald's attention.

DONALD (*taking the paper*): Oh, yes . . . Oh, I see . . .

CAMERA TRAVELS BACK to MED. LONG SHOT *and we see Fergus left- and MacKaye right-foreground.*

FERGUS: But you can ask for a bit more than that. The difference'll be yours.

END OF REEL 5

REEL 6

164. INT. STUDY—DAY MED. SHOT—21 FT. 1 FR.
Peggy and Martin are walking towards a table. Peggy is talking.

PEGGY: Can't you think, just once, how marvellous it'll be for us . . . (*they stop walking*): . . . to have a real old castle of our own?

MARTIN: All right. But I won't go one penny over ten thousand pounds!

PEGGY: Fine! (*she kisses Martin*): I'll go tell Donald!

MARTIN: No.

165. MED. SHOT—3 FT. 7 FRS.
At the door. It opens and Donald enters. He starts forward and to the right.

DONALD: Mr. Martin . . .

166. CLOSE-UP—2 FT. 14 FRS.
of Martin, looking at Donald off left.

(*off-screen*): . . . I've thought it over . . .

167. MED. SHOT—24 FT. 12 FRS.
of Donald. Peggy enters to him from right.

PEGGY: Don't make it too hard, Donald, I want it so much.

DONALD: *I know you do,* Peggy . . . (*she exits left*): . . . but I'm afraid my last price can't be lower than . . . (*looks at the paper*):



ROBERT DONAT [illegible]
[illegible]

. . . er . . . er . . . two thousand, three hundred and eighty-eight pounds.

MARTIN (*off-screen*): How much did you say?

168—CLOSE SHOT—55 FT. 7 FRS.

of Martin.

DONALD (*off-screen—hands paper in from left*): Here it is . . .

MARTIN (*takes paper, looks at it, then*): Well, that's pretty steep . . . but I'll take it!

He walks left. PAN WITH HIM *and include Donald* (*they shake hands*): When can we start tearing it down?

DONALD: Tearing what down?

MARTIN: Why, the whole works! We're going to crate it up, stone by stone and panel by panel, and ship it to America.

DONALD: You can't do that! Glourie Castle belongs here, where it's always been!

MARTIN: I tell you what I'll do: I'll give you a contract to come to America and supervise every detail of the construction. Then . . .

DONALD: No! . . .

169. CLOSE-UP—120 FT. 19 FRS.

of Donald.

. . . I'll never sell it on those terms!

PEGGY (*off-screen left*): Donald, please accept the offer.

DONALD (*looking off l., softly*): I can't . . .

MARTIN (*his hand enters r. and lies on Donald's shoulder*): Come to America!

DONALD (*looks right, stronger*): No!

PEGGY (*her hand enters l. to Donald's other shoulder*): . . . With us! . . .

Donald (*looking off l., softly*): No . . .

Dissolve to:

MUSIC STARTS

EXT. CASTLE—DAY. CLOSE SHOT.

The coat of arms of the castle. TRAVEL BACK. *We see that the coat of arms moves, then we see the two workmen engaged in lowering it down.*

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

MED. LONG SHOT—DAY. PAN R. TO. L.

We see men working at the demolition of the castle. Two are taking a stone down, one is nailing a packing-case, two are wrapping a stone in paper, another is tying a wrapped stone, while the one at the end of the row is painting a number on a packed stone. Two men pick up a stone on which we see the word SUNNYMEDE *painted and start carrying it to a waiting lorry.*

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

EXT. QUAYSIDE—DAY. CLOSE SHOT.

Stones of the castle, wrapped, tied and numbered. The

stones start moving away from the camera, and we see that they are on a crane platform. They go away into LONG SHOT, *and we see they are being raised towards a ship.*

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

EXT. QUAYSIDE—DAY. LONG SHOT.

Another load of stones as they are being raised towards the ship.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

INT. SHIP'S HOLD—DAY. CLOSE TO LONG SHOT.

Stones being lowered in front of camera. When they have gone down off, we see LONG SHOT *of ship's hold, where workmen are putting away the stones of the castle.*

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

Fades out

EXT. SEA—DAY. LONG SHOT

of the ship under way, going right to left.

Dissolve to:

EXT. SHIP'S DECK—DAY. MEDIUM SHOT.

Martin and another American, Bigelow, are leaning back on the rail, and we see the water behind them. Bigelow is holding a picture of the castle.

MARTIN: This is the castle I was telling you about. I'm taking it back home, stone by stone and panel by panel. In fact, I've got some of the panelling crated up right here on this ship. It's a

much finer specimen than that dinky little château of yours . . .

Bigelow looks at him, Martin sees some one, off, and calls:

Oh, Donald! . . . shake . . .

170. MEDIUM SHOT—37 FT. 10 FRS.

Reverse, from outside ship's railing. Bigelow and Martin, back to us. Donald comes towards them from the right.

. . . hands with Mr. Bigelow.

BIGELOW (*as they shake hands*): How do you do?

DONALD: How do you do? (*He looks around*): I was just looking for Peggy.

MARTIN: Oh . . . she's around here some place with that young Count. Mr. Bigelow is the man I was telling you about. He bought a château. (*To Bigelow*): Mr. Glourie used to own my castle.

BIGELOW (*to Donald*): Oh, so you're the castle-salesman, eh? Congratulations! And if you ever want a job in my sales force, it's yours!

DONALD: Thank you very much. Well, if you'll excuse me, I'll go and find Peggy.

Donald exits left and the two men start back towards the rail.

MARTIN: Say, what's the idea of . . .

171. MEDIUM SHOT—19 FT. 14 FRS.

From the front.

. . . er . . . congratulating him and offering him a job?

BIGELOW (*looking down at the picture*): Oh, I'm always on the look out for brilliant young men who can . . . who can sell . . . anything . . .

Martin looks at him.

Dissolve to:

INT. PING-PONG ROOM—DAY. MEDIUM SHOT.

Shooting under the table. We see Peggy's legs. She is playing ping-pong. A little dog is running after her as she moves, trying to catch the ball.

172. MEDIUM LONG SHOT—5 FT. 4 FRS.

Above the table. We see Peggy playing, but we do not see her partner.

PEGGY: Oh! that darned . . .

173. MEDIUM SHOT—5 FT. 3 FRS.

Under the table. The dog jumps and tries to catch the ball.

. . . dog!

She trips on the dog and falls into the picture.

DONALD (*off-screen*): Are you hurt?

174. MED. LONG SHOT—12 FT. 8 FRS.

As Donald rushes in from the right and Peggy's partner enters left.

PEGGY (*laughing*): No, I'm all

right. (*Donald has helped her up*): By the way, have you met? Mr. Donald Glourie . . . Count Olivero.

She runs off right.

DONALD (*shaking hands*): How do you do?

OLIVERO: How do you do?

PEGGY (*off-screen*): Come here, Melisande . . .

175. MEDIUM SHOT—20 FT. 11 FRS.

Peggy, as she picks up the dog from a corner:

That wretched dog of mother's loose again. Donald . . . would you mind?

DONALD (*entering*): Oh . . . certainly.

He takes the dog from her.

PEGGY: Do you play ping-pong?

DONALD: No. My brain could never work fast enough.

PEGGY: No. Your name is Spell-me-a-Riddle.

She crosses in front of him and exits left. He looks after her.

DONALD: What's Spell-me-a-Riddle?

176. MED. LONG SHOT.—28 FT. 4 FRS.

Peggy. She is just picking up her bat and gets ready to play again.

PEGGY: You know better than I

do. (*To her partner, off*): Are you ready?

OLIVERO (*off-screen*): Yes.

She starts playing again.

Dissolve to:

INT. BARBER SHOP—NIGHT. MED. LONG SHOT.

In a chair, foreground, Martin, towel over his face. In background we see Bigelow at basin, ready to have a shampoo.

MARTIN (*tears towel from his face*): Listen to me, Ed Bigelow: I'll tell you something about this castle. It's said to have a ghost!

BIGELOW: *Said* to have!

MARTIN: Yes, sir . . . and I'll bet that's more than you've got with that little old château of yours!

177. MED. CLOSE SHOT—16 FT.

Bigelow, seated in front of washstand.

BIGELOW: And have you *seen* the ghost?

MARTIN (*off-screen*): No, but . . .

BIGELOW: And do you know any one who *has* seen it?

MARTIN (*off-screen*): No . . . but I can tell you . . .

BIGELOW: I knew it! Very clever, the Scotch. Very clever indeed!

Fade-out

MUSIC STARTS

Fade-in

178. CLOSE-UP—19 FT. 3 FRS.
of a board. It reads:

S. S. DOLPHIN
FANCY DRESS
BALL
in the lounge
CABARET
Prizes for the best costumes

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

EXT. SHIP'S DECK—NIGHT. LONG SHOT.
People in fancy dress dancing on the deck.

MUSIC

179. INT. BALL ROOM—NIGHT. LONG SHOT—86 FT. 3 FRS.
People in fancy dress dancing.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC DISSOLVES INTO SHIP'S BELLS

CLOSE-UP
of a clock showing twelve o'clock. THE END OF THIS IS SUPERIMPOSED ON THE BEGINNING OF:

Dissolve to:

BELLS

MUSIC STARTS

INT. SHIP'S HOLD—NIGHT. LONG SHOT.
PAN AND TRAVEL RIGHT TO LEFT *to show hold of ship. We see characteristic pieces of the cattle.*

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

INT. HOLD—NIGHT. LONG SHOT

showing piles of the stones of the castle. Murdoch slowly appears and sits up. He stretches his arm.

MURDOCH: Yes, father, yes . . .
(*he stands*): . . . but I don't know
where I am.

He exits right.

180. MEDIUM SHOT—88 FT. 15 FRS.

MUSIC

Showing some doors of the castle leaning against piles of stones. Murdoch enters right, turns and speaks.

MURDOCH: Father . . . father!
What is this strange place? Where
am I?

GLOURIE'S VOICE: On board ship,
my son...on your way to America.

MURDOCH: But, father, I don't
want to go to America! I don't
want to become a confounded
colonist!

GLOURIE'S VOICE: You have to go,
my son . . . (*Murdoch lowers his
head and starts turning away*): . . .
with the old Glourie Castle which
you dishonoured . . . (*Murdoch
walks into doors and disappears*): . . .
even to America . . .

Dissolve to:

NIGHT MUSIC

INT. HOLD CORRIDOR—NIGHT. MEDIUM SHOT. *PAN right to left, showing two doors. Camera stops on each door and we hear three knocks on each, during interruption of music.*

KNOCKS

MUSIC CONTINUES

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

INT. CABIN CORRIDOR. MEDIUM SHOT.

PAN continues right to left, stopping on two doors. Music ends in siren noise.

SIREN NOISE

MUSIC

181. EXT. SHIP'S DECK—NIGHT. LONG SHOT—4 FT. 13 FRS.

Donald and Peggy, seated in deck chairs. She is in fancy dress, he in dinner jacket.

PEGGY: Donald . . .

DONALD: H'm?

MUSIC

182. MEDIUM SHOT—15 FT. 9 FRS.

Peggy and Donald.

PEGGY: When you've rebuilt Glourie Castle in Florida . . .

DONALD: Yes . . .?

PEGGY: Why not live in it?

DONALD: Well, you'll want to live there yourself, won't you?

PEGGY: Oh . . . All the more!

DONALD: Peggy, do you know that at this moment . . .

MUSIC

183. CLOSE-UP—6 FT. 7 FRS.

of Peggy.

. . . I'm a pauper?

PEGGY: What's a pauper?

184. CLOSE-UP—8 FT. 3 FRS.

of Donald.

DONALD: Oh, a man who wants something terribly . . . and can't afford even to say so.

MUSIC

185. CLOSE-UP—16 FT. 1 FR.

of Peggy.

PEGGY: Terribly, Donald?

DONALD (*off-screen*): More than that.

PEGGY: Oh, I think that lovely . . . I mean awful. Poor Donald!

She puts her hand out of scene, right.

MUSIC

186. CLOSE-UP—13 FT. 7 FRS.

of Donald as he brings up her hand, looks off at her, then kisses her hand. The hand starts going out, left.

MUSIC

187—CLOSE-UP—22 FT. 2 FRS.

of Peggy. Murdoch's hands appear on the back of her chair.

PEGGY: Hasn't it got cold?

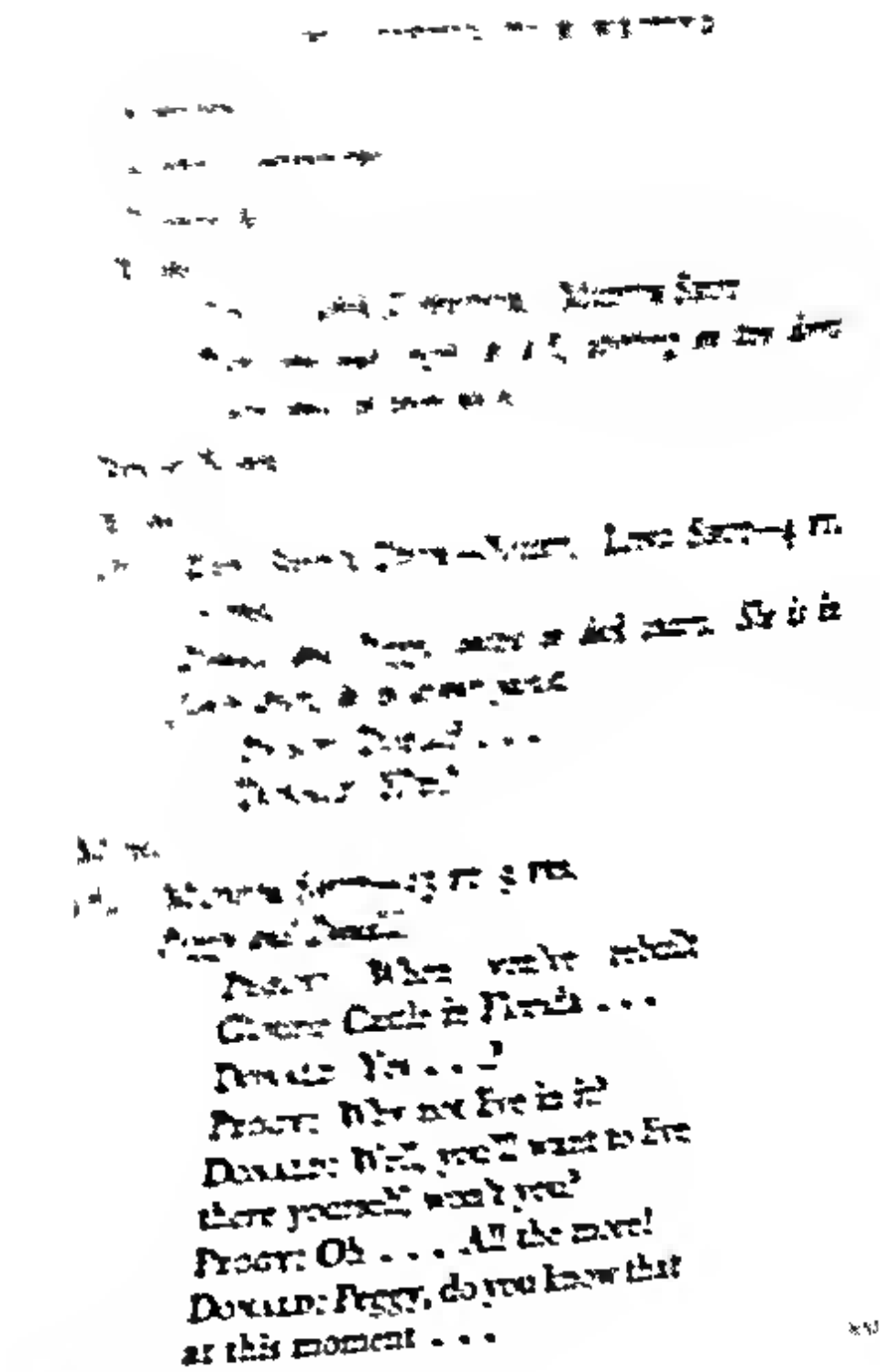
She looks around, but the hands have disappeared. She looks front again.

MUSIC

188. MED. SHOT—20 FT. 11 FRS.

Peggy and Donald.

DONALD (*rising*): Would you like a rug?



Music
183. Close-up—6 ft. 7 ins.
of Peggy.
. . . I'm a
Peggy:

184. CLOSE-UP—8 FT. 3 FRS.

of Donald.

DONALD: Oh, a man who wants something terribly . . . and can't afford even to say so.

MUSIC

185. CLOSE-UP—16 FT. 1 FR.

of Peggy.

PEGGY: Terribly, Donald?

DONALD *(off-screen)*: More than that.

PEGGY: Oh, I think that lovely . . . I mean awful. Poor Donald!

She puts her hand out of scene, right.

MUSIC

186. CLOSE-UP—13 FT. 7 FRS.

of Donald as he brings up her hand, looks off at her, then kisses her hand. The hand starts going out, left.

MUSIC

187—CLOSE-UP—22 FT. 2 FRS.

of Peggy. Murdoch's hands appear on the back of her chair.

PEGGY: Hasn't it got cold?

She looks around, but the hands have disappeared. She looks front again.

MUSIC

188. MED. SHOT—20 FT. 11 FRS.

Peggy and Donald.

DONALD (*rising*): Would you like a rug?

behind a screen. As CAMERA STOPS, *they walk away from camera behind the screen.*

MURDOCH: You like to play games?

THE WOMAN: Well, it all depends

. . .

MURDOCH: Well, I'll ask you a riddle, and if you can't tell me the answer by the time I've spelt Killiecrankie, you must . . .

MUSIC

197. CLOSE-UP—12 FT. 12 FRS.

of Peggy, facing us, leaning on rail. She hears:

(*off-screen*): . . pay me a forfeit. Now, what's the difference betwixt a thistle in the heather and a kiss in the dark?

THE WOMAN (*off-screen*): Now, wait a minute, my dear, give me time to think.

Peggy looks to the right.

198. MED. SHOT—3 FT. 13 FRS.

MUSIC

From Peggy's angle. A ventilator. The voice comes from behind it, but we do not see any one.

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): K-I-L-L-I

. . .

MUSIC

199. CLOSE-UP—6 FT. 7 FRS.

of Peggy. The voice finishes:

(*off-screen*): . . . L-C-R-A-N-K-I-E

. . .

MUSIC LOUDER

200. EXT. DECK—8 FT. 5 FRS. LONG SHOT.
People dancing.

MUSIC LOWER

201. MED. SHOT—18 FT. 8 FRS.
CAMERA TRAVELS *up to Peggy just as Murdoch walks to her.* CAMERA STOPS.

MURDOCH: I've seen you before.

PEGGY (*looks at him*): Yes, I think you have! (*Looks away.*)

MUSIC LOWER

202. CLOSE SHOT—26 FT. 15 FRS.
Peggy . . . Murdoch from the front.

MURDOCH: We played games together.

PEGGY: Yes. You're very fond of games, aren't you?

MURDOCH: I love them.

PEGGY: But you always seem to play the same one.

MURDOCH: Oh, it's only a means to an end.

PEGGY: I understand. And I apologize.

MURDOCH: Apologize for what, fair lady?

203. MED. LONG SHOT—27 FT. 14 FRS.
MUSIC

Count Olivero enters right background, carrying a full glass.

behind a screen. As CAMERA STOPS, *they walk away from camera behind the screen.*

MURDOCH: You like to play games?

THE WOMAN: Well, it all depends

. . .

MURDOCH: Well, I'll ask you a riddle, and if you can't tell me the answer by the time I've spelt Killiecrankie, you must . . .

Music

197. CLOSE-UP—12 FT. 12 FRS.
of Peggy, facing us, leaning on rail. She hears:
(off-screen): . . pay me a forfeit.
Now, what's the difference betwixt a thistle in the heather and a kiss in the dark?
THE WOMAN *(off-screen)*: Now, wait a minute, my dear, give me time to think.

Peggy looks to the right.

198. MED. SHOT—3 FT. 13 FRS.

Music

From Peggy's angle. A ventilator. The voice comes from behind it, but we do not see any one

MURDOCH *(off-screen)*: K-I-L-L-I

. . .

Music

199. CLOSE-UP—6 FT. 7 FRS.
of Peggy. The voice finishes:
(off-screen): . . . E-C-R-A-N-K-I-E.

. . .

MUSIC LOUDER

200. EXT. DECK—8 FT. 5 FRS. LONG SHOT.
People dancing.

MUSIC LOWER

201. MED. SHOT—18 FT. 8 FRS.
CAMERA TRAVELS *up to Peggy just as Murdoch walks to her.* CAMERA STOPS.

MURDOCH: I've seen you before.

PEGGY (*looks at him*): Yes, I think you have! (*Looks away.*)

MUSIC LOWER

202. CLOSE SHOT—26 FT. 15 FRS.
Peggy . . Murdoch from the front.

MURDOCH: We played games together.

PEGGY: Yes. You're very fond of games, aren't you?

MURDOCH: I love them.

PEGGY: But you always seem to play the same one.

MURDOCH: Oh, it's only a means to an end.

PEGGY: I understand. And I apologize.

MURDOCH: Apologize for what, fair lady?

203. MED. LONG SHOT—27 FT. 14 FRS.
MUSIC

Count Olivero enters right background, carrying a full glass.

OLIVERO: Your champagne, Peggy.

PEGGY: Oh, yes . . . let's go inside. It's suddenly become very cold. I'm *shivering* . . . *(starts up-stage, then turns to Murdoch)*: Good-bye, Donald.

MURDOCH: But I'm not Donald. I . . .

Peggy: No. You're not the Donald I thought you were. Well, go tell somebody else the answer to your riddle.

Peggy and Olivero walk away, Murdoch looks after them.

Fade-out

MUSIC LOUDER

Fade-in

204. INT. BALLROOM. EXT. LONG SHOT—9 FT. 3 FRS.
People dancing. The music comes to an end. Dance stops.

MUSIC STOPS—APPLAUSE

205. MED. SHOT—4 FT. 8 FRS.
A group of four people as they stop dancing. A girl, dressed as Cleopatra, sees some one off-right.

CLEOPATRA: Oh, look, look! Look at . . .

SLIGHT CROWD NOISE

206. CLOSE SHOT—5 FT. 1 FR.
of Murdoch, standing on platform in front of ball-room door.

(off-screen): . . . that Scotchman! Isn't he marvellous?

207. MED. SHOT—3 FT. 3 FRS.

CROWD NOISE

of the group, Cleopatra looking off-right at Murdoch.

. . . who are you, beautiful Highlander?

CROWD NOISE

208. CLOSE SHOT—8 FT. 13 FRS.

of Murdoch.

MURDOCH: I am a ghost. I am the ghost of Glourie Castle.

CROWD NOISE

209. MED. SHOT—5 FT. 12 FRS.

at a group of people. A photographer, carrying his camera, comes through group to foreground.

PHOTOGRAPHER (*to Murdoch off*): If you please, sir. Look this way. It won't be a moment! . . .

CROWD NOISE

210. MED. LONG SHOT—12 FT. 11 FRS.

Reverse, with the above group in left foreground and Murdoch on platform at back.

. . . Now, smile!

MURDOCH: Smile . . . why?

There is a flash of the magnesium powder. Murdoch backs up:

Take that infernal machine . . . (*he disappears suddenly*): . . . away!

The people in foreground look around.

NERO: Oh, but . . . but what happened?

CROWD NOISE LOUDER

PHOTOGRAPHER: I don't know.

CROWD NOISE LOUDER

211. MED. SHOT—7 FT. 6 FRS.

of Cleopatra's group.

A WOMAN *(off-screen): Where is he?*

CLEOPATRA *(looking round)*: He's disappeared!

CÆSAR: What the . . .?

CROMWELL: It's the most amazing thing I've ever seen!

CROWD NOISE LOUD

212. LONG SHOT—10 FT. 13 FRS.

Reverse of the ball-room, people foreground and empty platform background.

Dissolve to:

CROWD NOISE LOUD

EXT. SEA—NIGHT

The boat at sea, right to left.

LOWER SIREN NOISE

SIREN NOISE LOUDER

213. CLOSE SHOT—36 FT. 9 FRS.

TRAVEL RIGHT TO LEFT *on portholes. As we reach the different portholes, we hear voices very low.*

A WOMAN *(off-screen)*: Wake up! The most unusual thing's happened! Elmer, wake up! A man has appeared in the ballroom. They say it's a ghost!

At second porthole:

A Man's Voice (*off-screen*): I've just seen him vanish in the air!

The light goes on.

Second Man (*off-screen*): You wake me up after midnight with a silly story like this. Is it All Fools' Day to-day?

At third porthole:

A Woman (*off screen*): I haven't touched liquor the whole night. He walked right through me, I tell you!

Knock

At the fourth porthole we hear knocks, then:

Knock

214. Int. Peggy's Cabin. Medium Shot—12 ft. 12 frs.

of Peggy as she rises from her dressing-table and looks off left.

. . . Donald! I don't want you to come in here! Get out!

Crowd Noise Fades Out

Donald (*off-screen*): I'm sorry, Peggy, but I can't wait any longer to explain . . .

Peggy: I told you there's nothing to explain. Get out!

Donald (*off-screen*): Now, listen to me, Peggy . . .

215. Med. Shot—6 ft. 10 frs.

of Donald standing by an open door.

. This thing I will not accept and that is your complete misunderstanding of what has happened.

215. MED. SHOT—17 FT. 11 INS.

of Peggy

(off-screen) Did you see some one in an ancient Scottish costume?

PEGGY: I saw you and heard you!

She turns away.

DONALD *(off-screen)*: No, you didn't. Oh, I know it isn't easy to believe, but what you really saw, it wasn't a man of flesh and blood at all, it was a . . .

MRS. MARTIN *(off-screen)*: A ghost! A ghost! . . .

Peggy looks off-left.

217. MEDIUM SHOT—21 FT. 8 INS.

Mrs. Martin enters from left.

. . . there's a ghost on this ship!

PEGGY *(off-screen)*: Where?

DONALD *(enters left)*: Of course there is, Mrs. Martin.

MRS. MARTIN *(turns to him)*: I won't have your horrible castle. You can take back every one of your cursed stones!

PEGGY *(enters, right, and takes her mother to right.* PAN, *leaving Donald on left)*: Mother, be quiet!

MRS. MARTIN: And you can keep the money too. It's all you wanted of us!

PEGGY (*taking her out, right*): Come on. What . . .

218. MED. SHOT—59 FT. 8 FRS.
At the door. Martin enters left, looks off right.

MARTIN: What's the trouble?

MRS. MARTIN (*off-screen*): Ask him . . . ask him!

DONALD (PAN RIGHT *we see him*): Your wife's seen the ghost.

MARTIN (*closing the door*): Nonsense! Let's have a drink.

DONALD (*pacing to right*): It's the truth, Mr. Martin. The ghost of Glourie Castle's on this ship!

MARTIN (*laughs*): And that Miss Shepperton tells me that she saw him too!

DONALD: Well, out of consideration for your wife's feelings, I—I think we'd better call the deal off.

MARTIN: What! Just because a couple of nervous women thought they were seeing something?

DONALD: But they did! You've got to believe it!

MARTIN: I'll believe it when I see the ghost myself. Now, you run along, Donald, and leave Mrs. Martin to me.

DONALD (*starts towards door*): All right.

MARTIN: I'll fix everything.

DONALD (*going out*): All right.

219—INT. SHIP'S CORRIDOR. MED. LONG SHOT—29 FT. 5 FRS.

The photographer is running down the corridor as Donald enters from the right on his way to his cabin.

PHOTOGRAPHER (*stopping Donald*): Excuse me, sir. Can you tell me where the ghost is?

DONALD: Oh, you'd really like to see him?

PHOTOGRAPHER: Oh—yes, sir. Why, newspapers all over the world will be wanting photographs.

DONALD: I'll do my best. Er . . . Murdoch! (*To photographer. He claps his hands*): Now get your camera ready. He may be here at any moment.

He gets ready while Donald goes to his cabin and opens the door.

220. INT. DONALD'S CABIN. MED. SHOT—27 FT. 1 FR.

As Donald enters, he looks off left as he hears:

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): Good evening, Donald Glourie . . .

PAN LEFT *and show Murdoch's shoulder, left foreground.*

DONALD: Oh, good evening, Murdoch . . .

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): Are you afraid of me?

DONALD (*stepping forward*): I haven't been afraid of you since I was a child . . .

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): I want to tell you . . .

221. MEDIUM SHOT—30 FT. 13 FRS.

Donald standing at the left and Murdoch at the right, facing each other.

. . . that I am gravely dissatisfied with that which has come to pass.

DONALD (*crosses his arms*): You're dissatisfied! I suppose you know you've ruined my one chance to do something with my life?

MURDOCH: Your life! Huh! Wait until you've been through some centuries as I have, haunting, looking for something and never finding it.

MARTIN (*off-screen*): Say, Donald . . .

222. CLOSE SHOT—12 FT. 2 FRS.

Martin, standing in front of the door, looking off left.

. . . I want to . . .

He stops and stares.

. . . Say! Now *I'm* seeing things!

223. MEDIUM SHOT—6 FT.

Donald at right and Murdoch at left, looking off right at Martin.

DONALD: No, Mr. Martin, there really are two of us. (*introducing*): Allow me to introduce my ancestor, Murdoch Glourie.

224. CLOSE SHOT—3 FT. 13 FRS.
of Martin.

MARTIN: Ancestor?

225. MEDIUM SHOT—96 FT. 9 FRS.
Donald and Murdoch.

MURDOCH: Yes, my good man. I am the Glourie Ghost.

226. CLOSE SHOT—13 FT. 9 FRS.
of Martin.

MARTIN: No. You're . . . you're kidding!

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): Who is this strange-spoken fellow?

DONALD (*off-screen*): Oh, this is . . .

227. CLOSE-UP—7 FT. 10 FRS.
of Donald.

. . . the new owner of Glourie Castle. He's going to rebuild it in America

228. CLOSE SHOT—12 FT. 12 FRS
of Martin.

(*off-screen*) . . Aren't you, Mr Martin?

MARTIN: Yes . . stone by stone . . and panel by panel . .

229. MED. SHOT—12 OR 3 FRS
Murdoch and Donald

MURDOCH: Good. It will be pleasant to have a home again! (*He starts dissolving out*): Good night, my friend.

He dissolves out. Donald, who was watching him with a smile, sees Martin's plight, off, and starts to the right.

230. MED. SHOT—28 FT.

of Martin, staring, off. Donald enters to him from the left.

DONALD: Here, Mr. Martin, sit down, sit down . . .

PAN LEFT *as he conducts him to the bed. Martin sits. Donald pours him a drink of whisky and hands him the glass.*

. . . Have a drink of the best.

MARTIN: Yes . . . (*takes the glass*): . . . a drink of the best.

He drinks.

Fade-out.

END OF REEL 7

REEL 8

Fade in:

231. INT. BAR—NIGHT. CLOSE-UP—8 FT. 11 FRS.

Martin's hand puts an empty glass down on the bar.

MARTIN (*off-screen*): Let's have another whisky. . . .

232. MED. SHOT—10 FT. 11 FRS.

Donald and Martin standing at bar, facing us.

Dissolve in:

First Headline:

CITY ROARS WELCOME TO
HAUNTED SHIP.

Another newspaper falls on top of the first one:

U.S. OFFICERS SEARCH FOR
GHOST IN QUARANTINE.

Another newspaper falls in:

THREE GHOSTS REPORTED
ON LINER.

Another newspaper falls in:

INVASION OF GHOSTS FROM
THE OLD WORLD.

The newspapers and the newspapermen dissolve out:

VOICES DISSOLVE OUT.

Dissolve to:

EXT. WASHINGTON—DAY. LONG SHOT.
of the Capitol.

A SENATOR (*off-screen*): The Congress of the United States of America has the duty to call the attention of every American citizen to this outrage! To import a ghost into our progressive country! To allow a spirit to pervade the free air of the United States. . . .

WIPE RIGHT TO LEFT
across the sea starts.

. . . which might be acceptable in the effete atmosphere of the British House of Lords! . . .

EXT. LONDON—DAY. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.
WIPE IN R. TO L.

. . . but not here!

A LORD (*off-screen*): Yes, my noble Lords! The fairest flowers of Scottish architecture are being uprooted from their native soil to be replanted in an alien land, where the very spirit of Scotland has been prohibited for years! Not enough this, my noble Lords; not only our castles, but also our ancestors . . .

WIPE LEFT TO RIGHT

across sea starts.

. . . who are being shipped over to please the fancy of a millionaire who . . .

EXT. WASHINGTON—DAY. LONG SHOT. CAPITOL
WIPES IN LEFT TO RIGHT:

. . . apparently, has no ancestors of his own!

THE SENATOR (*off-screen*): Not enough, gentlemen, the importation of an alien building, but an alien ghost is also being imported. What do our immigration authorities say about this? What does the great city of New York

Dissolve in:

First Headline:

CITY ROARS WELCOME TO HAUNTED SHIP.

Another newspaper falls on top of the first one:

U.S. OFFICERS SEARCH FOR GHOST IN QUARANTINE.

Another newspaper falls in:

THREE GHOSTS REPORTED ON LINER.

Another newspaper falls in:

INVASION OF GHOSTS FROM THE OLD WORLD.

The newspapers and the newspapermen dissolve out:

VOICES DISSOLVE OUT.

Dissolve to:

EXT. WASHINGTON—DAY. LONG SHOT. *of the Capitol.*

A SENATOR (*off-screen*): The Congress of the United States of America has the duty to call the attention of every American citizen to this outrage! To import a ghost into our progressive country! To allow a spirit to pervade the free air of the United States. . . .

WIPE RIGHT TO

across the

252. CLOSE SHOT—1 FT. 7 FRS.

The watchman firing off-left.

SHOTS

253. MED. CLOSE SHOT—2 FT. 4 FRS.

An iron door opens, a gangster enters and fires off-right.

SHOTS

254. MED. SHOT—2 FT. 2 FRS.

The watchman realizes some one is firing from the other side, duck sdown behind boxes and starts firing off-right.

SHOTS

255. MED. LONG SHOT—6 FT. 9 FRS.

PAN RIGHT TO LEFT *and show gangsters hiding behind cases of stones, firing away.*

SHOTS

256. CLOSE SHOT—2 FT. 3 FRS.

showing one of the armours of the castle. PAN TO LEFT *and show a gangster emerging with a machine-gun, which he brings up into position for firing.*

SHOTS

MACHINE-GUN-FIRE

257. MED. LONG SHOT—4 FT. 14 FRS.

Murdoch looking around bewildered. We see men firing behind him, and we see the shots through him.

MACHINE-GUN FIRE

258. MED. SHOT—3 FT. 10 FRS.

More policemen arrive and duck by the side of the watchman. They fire off-right.

MACHINE-GUN FIRE

Dissolve to:

CHIMES

INT. WHARF—NIGHT. LONG SHOT.

TRAVEL AND PAN LEFT TO RIGHT. *parts of the castle, packages and stones.*

TRAVELLING. *Murdoch appears in* LONG *and walks towards the camera. He looks around*

248. EXT. WHARF—NIGHT—5 FT. 8 FRS. LONG S

An open car is waiting in front of the door o wharf. Men are bringing barrels and cases putting them into the car.

249. INT. WHARF—NIGHT. 6 FT. 2 FRS. MEDIUM SI

A man is carrying towards another man. The se sees that the first is going to run into a barrel and to warn him.

SECOND MAN: Hey! Watch out!

CASE DROPS

But it is too late, and the first man drops the ca They look around furtively.

250. MED. SHOT—4 FT. 10 FRS.

A watchman who was doing his rounds hears th noise and looks off left in its direction. He brings hi gun out.

WATCHMAN: Hey! What are you doing in here? . . .

251. MED. LONG SHOT—4 FT.

The two gangsters. They hear:

(*off-screen*): . . . Hands up or I'll shoot!

The second, then the first, fire off-left.

SHOTS

252. CLOSE SHOT—1 FT. 7 FRS.

The watchman firing off-left.

SHOTS

253. MED. CLOSE SHOT—2 FT. 4 FRS.

An iron door opens, a gangster enters and fires off-right.

SHOTS

254. MED. SHOT—2 FT. 2 FRS.

The watchman realizes some one is firing from the other side, duck sdown behind boxes and starts firing off-right.

SHOTS

255. MED. LONG SHOT—6 FT. 9 FRS.

PAN RIGHT TO LEFT *and show gangsters hiding behind cases of stones, firing away.*

SHOTS

256. CLOSE SHOT—2 FT. 3 FRS.

showing one of the armours of the castle. PAN TO LEFT *and show a gangster emerging with a machine-gun, which he brings up into position for firing.*

SHOTS

MACHINE-GUN-FIRE

257. MED. LONG SHOT—4 FT. 14 FRS.

Murdoch looking around bewildered. We see men firing behind him, and we see the shots through him.

MACHINE-GUN FIRE

258. MED. SHOT—3 FT. 10 FRS.

More policemen arrive and duck by the side of the watchman. They fire off-right.

MACHINE-GUN FIRE

259. MED. SHOT—3 FT. 11 FRS.
of Murdoch, looking around right and left.

NOISE LESSENS

260. MED. LONG SHOT.—6 FT. 3 FRS.
Three gangsters back in from right and fire off as they back up and exit. Then three more gan run through from right to left.

NOISE CEASES

261. MED. SHOT—2 FT. 12 FRS.
of Murdoch, as he looks around, then looks up.

262. CLOSE-UP—31 FT. 15 FRS.
of Murdoch looking up.

MURDOCH: Father! . . .

GLOURIE'S VOICE: Yes, my son?

MURDOCH: I don't like America. It's worse than the day of the battle.

GLOURIE'S VOICE: Then, I will allow you to remain invisible until the opportunity comes for revenge.

MURDOCH: But if it never comes?

GLOURIE'S VOICE: That is your . . .

263. MED. SHOT—9 FT.
Murdoch, standing behind some stones.

. . . eternal misfortune . . .

GUN FIRE STARTS—LOW
Murdoch dissolves out.

264. EXT. WHARF—NIGHT. 7 FT. 7 FRS. EXTREME LONG SHOT.

GUN FIRE STARTS—LOW

DRUM ROLL STARTS. GUN FIRE STOPS. SIRENS OF POLICE CARS

Fade-out

Fade-in

265. EXT. DAY—77 FT. 9 FRS. MEDIUM SHOT

of a roadside signboard. It reads:

WELCOME, BROTHER
YOU ARE NOW ENTERING
SUNNYMEDE
THE LITTLE WONDER-CITY OF FLORIDA
SPEED LIMIT 15 MILES PER HOUR.

Dissolve to:

EXT. CASTLE—DAY. MEDIUM SHOT.

PAN LEFT TO RIGHT *and show men unloading stones of the castle from a lorry while foreman checks them. Other men are cutting the strings around the stones, others unwrap them. Others carry stones to the right and put them in their right position.*

Dissolve to:

MUSIC

CLOSE-UP

of a newspaper. The headlines read:

SCOTCH GHOST HIGH-HAT AMERICA:
IMPORTED KILTED
PHANTOM FAILS
TO SHOW AFTER
MUCH HERALDED
ENTRY INTO U.S.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC AND SONG

EXT. CASTLE—DAY. EXTREME LONG SHOT

The reconstructed castle with palm trees around it. As a car enters and drives over the bridge, a gondola enters from right on the water.

266. MED. SHOT—23 FT. 12 FRS.

Inside the car we see Peggy and Mrs. Martin.

SONG LOWER

MRS. MARTIN (*Looking around*): Well, I never dreamed they'd be able to make it look so nice and new. But I only hope that horrible old ghost hasn't found out where they've put it.

PEGGY: Don't worry. He'd never be able to recognize it with all those palm trees. (*She sees some one off*): Why, there's father! (*rising*): Hello, Dad!

SONG FADES OUT

267. MED. SHOT—11 FT. 6 FRS.

In the gondola. We see Martin who is putting on a Scotch bonnet.

MARTIN: Ah! . . . Don't I look like a real Scotchman now?

PEGGY (*off-screen*): Well, almost . . .

MARTIN (*hurt*): Well, you're pretty good at controlling your enthusiasm . . .

268. MED. SHOT—12 FT. 7 FRS.

Mrs. Martin and Peggy standing at the edge of the terrace.

(*off-screen*): . . . But I'm glad you changed your mind and came down for the big inaugural ceremony.

PEGGY: I didn't come down for that . . . I came to see you. But what's the idea of the gondola?

269. EXT. LONG SHOT—50 FT. 13 FRS.

showing the gondola in foreground, Mrs. Martin and Peggy in background.

MARTIN (*with a gesture*): Oh, that's just a sort of a European touch . . .

Dissolve to:

INT. CASTLE HALL—DAY. LONG SHOT *of the chandelier. We hear Martin's voice.*

MARTIN (*off-screen*): Look at that chandelier! . . .

The lights go on.

. . . I had it made especially . . .

PAN DOWN *and show Mrs. Martin and Donald, who is walking down from background.*

. . . in Bridgeport, Connecticut. It's a lot better than all those old smelly candles, eh? (*She exits left.*) Don't you think we've done a wonderful job of the reconstruction?

Dissolve to:

MUSIC AND SONG

EXT. CASTLE—DAY. EXTREME LONG SHOT

The reconstructed castle with palm trees around it. As a car enters and drives over the bridge, a gondola enters from right on the water.

266. MED. SHOT—23 FT. 12 FRS.

Inside the car we see Peggy and Mrs. Martin.

SONG LOWER

MRS. MARTIN (*Looking around*): Well, I never dreamed they'd be able to make it look so nice and new. But I only hope that horrible old ghost hasn't found out where they've put it.

PEGGY: Don't worry. He'd never be able to recognize it with all those palm trees. (*She sees some one off*): Why, there's father! (*rising*). Hello, Dad!

SONG FADES OUT

267. MED. SHOT—11 FT. 6 FRS.

In the gondola. We see Martin who is putting on a Scotch bonnet.

MARTIN: Ah! . . . Don't I look like a real Scotchman now?

PEGGY (*off-screen*): Well, almost . . .

MARTIN (*hurt*): Well, you're pretty good at controlling your enthusiasm . . .

268. MED. SHOT—12 FT. 7 FRS.

Mrs. Martin and Peggy standing at the edge of the terrace.

(*off-screen*): . . . But I'm glad you changed your mind and came down for the big inaugural ceremony.

PEGGY: I didn't come down for that . . . I came to see you. But what's the idea of the gondola?

269. EXT. LONG SHOT—50 FT. 13 FRS.

showing the gondola in foreground, Mrs. Martin and Peggy in background.

MARTIN (*with a gesture*): Oh, that's just a sort of a European touch . . .

Dissolve to:

INT. CASTLE HALL—DAY. LONG SHOT *of the chandelier. We hear Martin's voice.*

MARTIN (*off-screen*): Look at that chandelier! . . .

The lights go on.

. . . I had it made especially . . .

PAN DOWN *and show Mrs. Martin and Donald, who is walking down from background.*

. . . in Bridgeport, Connecticut. It's a lot better than all those old smelly candles, eh? (*She exits left.*) Don't you think we've done a wonderful job of the reconstruction?

MRS. MARTIN (*off-screen*): Yes, *Donald, I think* you've done fine.

DONALD: The modern improvements were all Mr. Martin's idea.

CAMERA TRAVELS UP TO CLOSE SHOT *Martin and Donald.*

MRS. MARTIN (*off-screen*): But . . . er . . . have you really got rid of that ghost?

MARTIN (*exchanges a look with Donald*): Oh, we've done much better than that. We've tamed him. Eh, Donald?

END OF REEL 8

REEL 9

270. INT. HALL—DAY. MEDIUM SHOT—10 FT. 13 FRS.

Mrs. Martin is walking by the armour.

MRS. MARTIN: Even so, I do not want him in my house!

JAZZ MUSIC

There is a burst of music from the armour.

(*She jumps*): What's that?

JAZZ MUSIC

271. MED. LONG SHOT—46 FT. 2 FRS.

The three. Martin laughs. As he and Donald walk to background towards armour CAMERA TRAVELS TO MED. SHOT.

MARTIN: Nothing to be scared of, honey . . . (*opens casque. We see*

the valves of a wireless): . . . Look here, it's a radio! (*They laugh. Mrs. Martin exits left. To Donald*): Kind of cute, eh, Donald?

DONALD: I'm afraid I don't fully understand the meaning of the word 'cute'.

MARTIN: Say, you sound to me like another one of those enthusiasm controllers . . . like Peggy. She don't like my hat.

DONALD (*interested*): Is Peggy here?

MARTIN: Yep . . . just arrived (*puts casque down and turns knob—music changes*): Well, come on, Gladys, I'll show you around. (*Exits left. Donald looks after him—off-screen*): It's going to be . . .

MUSIC CHANGES TO VIOLIN SOLO

MUSIC

272. MED. LONG SHOT—9 FT. 4 FRS.

Martin and Mrs. Martin. They are walking towards the door.

. . . absolutely the most magnificent illumination in the history of Florida (*turns*): Are you coming, Donald?

MUSIC

273. CLOSE SHOT—15 FT. 14 FRS.

Donald standing by the armour.

DONALD: Oh, thanks. I'll join you later.

KNOCKS

He turns to the armour, raises the casque, then slams it down in disgust. We hear some knocks off-screen.

KNOCKS

274. MEDIUM SHOT—9 FT. 4 FRS.

Through the window, we see Peggy. She is knocking on the glass. She now looks through the lower glass and speaks, but we do not hear her.

MUSIC VERY LOW

275. MED. SHOT—7 FT. 12 FRS. FROM EXTERIOR

Donald, seen by Peggy. He comes from the right, looking off left at her and speaks, but we do not hear him. At the same time, we hear Peggy's voice:

PEGGY (*off-screen*): What are you saying? Open the window!

MUSIC LOUDER

276. MED. SHOT—20 FT. 10 FRS. FROM INTERIOR.

Donald and Peggy. She is motioning for him to open the window.

DONALD: You were right, Peggy

. . .

CAMERA TRAVELS TO CLOSE SHOT *of Peggy leaving Donald off.*

(*off-screen*): . . . I should never have let them turn this castle of mine into an advertisement for groceries. I've made a fool of myself, Peggy, and all because I love you . . .

Peggy indicates that she cannot hear him:

. . . If I could talk as well as

Murdoch, I'd have told you long ago that I love you . . . But now . . .

MUSIC

277. CLOSE SHOT—7 FT. 12 FRS.

of Donald.

. . . to-morrow, I'll have to go, and all I'll be able to say to you is good-bye, but I want you to hear that!

He leans to right to open the window.

278. MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT—21 FT. 5 FRS.

As Donald opens the window and Peggy leans in.

MUSIC

PEGGY: What was that, Donald? What were you saying?

DONALD: Well, I . . . I was . . .

MARTIN (*off-screen*): Donald! The moat is leaking into the wine cellar. Come and have a look!

DONALD (*off left to Martin*): All right, Mr. Martin. (*to Peggy*): Oh . . . I was only trying to tell you that to-morrow I must go.

He goes left. She looks after him, surprised.

MUSIC

279. CLOSE-UP—13 FT. 1 FR.

of the armour.

PEGGY (*off-screen*): . . . Donald!

MUSIC CHANGES TO JAZZ

Donald's hand enters left and turns the knob of the wireless. The music changes back to jazz.

SMOKE

She turns to the camera, raises the casque, then slams it down in disgust. We hear some knocks off-screen.

KNOCK

MEDIUM SHOT—9 FT. 4 INS.

Through the window, we see Peggy. She is knocking on the glass. She now looks through the lower glass and speaks, but we do not hear her.

MUSIC VERY LOW

MED. SHOT—7 FT. 11 INS. FROM EXTERIOR

Donald seen by Peggy. He comes from the right, looking off as he and speaks, but we do not hear him. At the same time, we hear Peggy's voice:

PEGGY (*off-screen*): What are you saying? Open the window!

MUSIC LOUDER

MED. SHOT—20 FT. 10 INS. FROM INTERIOR.

Donald and Peggy. She is motioning for him to open the window.

DONALD: You were right, Peggy

. . .

CAMERA TRAVELS TO CLOSE SHOT *of Peggy leaving Donald of.*

(*off-screen*): . . . I should have let them turn this mine into an ad... groceries. I've myself, Peggy, love you . .

Peggy inEcates

. . . If

BIGELOW: Oh . . . very interesting!

FIRST MAN: The radio audience wants all possible angles on the ghost.

CROWD NOISE STOPS

BIGELOW (*looking around*): Well, I'll tell you, boys, my angle is this: When my good friend Joe Martin bought this castle from Mr. Donald Glourie, it was understood that a ghost went with it. You see, Mr. Donald Glourie is a Scotchman, and the Scotch are a clever race . . .
(*he winks*).

FIRST MAN: Then, I can quote you as saying that the ghost is a fraud?

BIGELOW: Oh, I'm not saying that . . . (*flash of photographer taking a picture*): . . . not precisely that . . .

286. INT. HALL—NIGHT. MEDIUM SHOT—66 FT. 6 FRS.
Martin is talking to a guest as Miss Shepperton enters left. The guest leaves.

MISS SHEPPERTON: Mr. Martin, if you don't mind my saying so . . . I don't think that costume is quite appropriate to a serious scientific meeting like this.

CAMERA TRAVELS TO CLOSE SHOT.

MARTIN: Why . . . what do you

soon. (*Donald starts right*) And remember: you don't come in until you've heard the tray fall on the line 'Don't you hear a strange noise?'

Donald goes. The butler drops the tray on his cu Martin jumps and turns to him.

That's right. You've got it.

He goes out right.

Dissolve to:

CROWD NOISE

EXT. CASTLE—NIGHT. EXTREME LONG SHOT

Castle. Cars driving up, door being opened, etc. . . .

CROWD NOISE

284. LONG SHOT—12 FT. 5 FRS.

At end of bridge. Crowd. Excitement. A car drives in from left and goes out right. A group of men run after the car.

AD LIB.: Who is it? . . . Mr. Bigelow! . . . Who? . . . Bigelow . . . Mr. Bigelow.

285. MED. SHOT—41 FT. 2 FRS.

Bigelow's car has stopped, and the group of men is around it. They are reporters.

FIRST MAN: Mr. Bigelow, do you care to make a statement?

BIGELOW: What kind of a statement?

SECOND MAN: We're going to cast these events to-night . . .

BIGELOW: Oh . . . very interesting!

FIRST MAN: The radio audience wants all possible angles on the ghost.

CROWD NOISE STOPS

BIGELOW (*looking around*): Well, I'll tell you, boys, my angle is this: When my good friend Joe Martin bought this castle from Mr. Donald Glourie, it was understood that a ghost went with it. You see, Mr. Donald Glourie is a Scotchman, and the Scotch are a clever race . . .

(*he winks*).

FIRST MAN: Then, I can quote you as saying that the ghost is a fraud?

BIGELOW: Oh, I'm not saying that . . . (*flash of photographer taking a picture*): . . . no :

86. INT. HALL—NIGHT, . . . —66 FT. 6 FRS.
. . . to . . . *Shepperton enters*
. . . if
. . . so . . .
. . . scientific
SHOT.
. . . what do you

MUSIC

289. CLOSE-UP—14 FT. 2 FRS.

of Peggy, surprised.

PEGGY: Gone! Where?

MARTIN (*off-screen*): Why . . . I don't know . . . away . . .

PEGGY: But . . . he didn't tell me he was leaving to-night.

MUSIC

290. MED. LONG SHOT—22 FT. 8 FRS.

Peggy and Martin.

MARTIN: Well, you see, he was in a hurry . . . and so am I . . . er . . . Are you really coming down?

PEGGY: No . . . I don't think I will now . . . I've . . .

MARTIN (*quickly*): Well, I think you're right. It'll be terribly dull . . . Good night, Peggy.

PEGGY: Good night, dad.

Martin exits foreground right. She looks after him, then slowly turns and goes into her room.

MUSIC STOPS

291. INT. DONALD'S ROOM—NIGHT. MED. LONG SHOT —31 FT. 2 FRS.

Martin enters and closes the door. As he walks to right PAN WITH HIM. *We see Donald in front of a mirror. He is dressing in a costume similar to Murdoch's and, at the moment, is buttoning up the waistcoat.*

MARTIN: Well, Donald, they're all here, including Ed Bigelow. We're going to have a fine time.

DONALD: Fine for you, perhaps . . . but for me!

MARTIN: Well, all you've got to do is come in, look like a ghost and then leave. (*he exits right*).

DONALD: I know . . . but it makes me feel such a fool.

MARTIN (*off-screen*): You're not backing out, are you?

DONALD: Oh, no. I promised to do it, and I shall do it, to the best of my ability.

2. CLOSE SHOT—17 FT. 5 FRS.

Martin, standing by table, on which is a small barrel of whisky, replica of the barrel downstairs.

MARTIN: I have a little present for you here. (*turns one spigot of the little barrel*):

DONALD (*off-screen*): Oh, yes, thanks very much. But I haven't been able to get any whisky out of it.

MARTIN: Well, I don't believe you've examined it very closely . . .

3. INSERT—8 FT. 3 FRS.

of the barrel. As Martin's hand raises the top. We see it is a wireless. His hand turns the second little spigot.

MUSIC STARTS LOW

(*off-screen*): Nice idea, isn't it?

MUSIC

294. CLOSE SHOT—6 FT. 12 FRS.

Donald turns, looks at Martin, off left.

(*off-screen*): You like it?

MUSIC

DONALD: Oh, yes . . . I love it!

MUSIC

295. EXT. TERRACE—NIGHT. LONG SHOT—5 FT. 8 FRS.

We see Peggy, alone, standing on the terrace. She turns her back.

MUSIC

296. CLOSE-UP—9 FT. 12 FRS.

of Peggy, looking sad and disappointed.

MUSIC

297. INT. DONALD'S ROOM—NIGHT. LONG SHOT—41 FT. 9 FRS.

Martin is walking towards the door.

MARTIN: I can hardly wait to see Ed Bigelow's face when you blow in.

He laughs and exits.

Dissolve to:

MUSIC LOUD

INT. DINING-ROOM—CLOSE-UP

of a cake in the form of a castle. It is being drawn away from camera into LONG SHOT. *In background we see the guests at the table. The coloured musicians*

are walking around the table playing a Scotch air in fox-trot.

MUSIC LOUD

298. CLOSE SHOT—5 FT.

Martin and Miss Shepperton. The musicians walking left to right behind them.

MUSIC LOUD

299. LONG SHOT—5 FT. 13 FRS.

The head waiter starts cutting the cake. The musicians are still going around the table.

300. CLOSE SHOT—28 FT. 8 FRS.

Martin and Miss Shepperton. She seems annoyed by the music. Just then, the number comes to an end. Martin puts his hand up to prevent the orchestra starting a new number.

MUSIC ENDS.

MARTIN: That's enough! That's enough!

Two more musicians go left to right behind them.

(*to Shepperton*): The music is beautiful, but we mustn't have too much of it.

SHEPPERTON: That's true . . . but why do you have any at all?

MARTIN: Oh, you don't know about that. You see, it's an old Scotch custom during dinner.

301. CLOSE SHOT—13 FT. 3 FRS.

Bigelow and Mrs. Martin.

BIGELOW: I don't see Mr. Donald Glourie.

MRS. MARTIN: No. He's . . . he's gone away.

BIGELOW: Oh, I see. . . . I thought perhaps that empty chair at the end of the table . . .

302. CLOSE SHOT—4 FT. 9 FRS.

Martin and Shepperton.

(*off-screen*): . . . had been saved for him.

MARTIN: That chair has been reserved . . .

303. MED. SHOT—12 FT. 15 FRS.

The empty chair at the end of the table. While Martin talks, we TRAVEL TO CLOSE SHOT.

(*off-screen*): . . . for our guest of honour: Murdoch Glourie, who died two hundred years ago.

END OF REEL 9

REEL 10

304. INT. DONALD'S ROOM—NIGHT. CLOSE-UP—29 FT. 14 FRS.

of the little barrel on the table. We hear music. CAMERA TRAVELS BACK TO MED. SHOT *and* PANS RIGHT. *We see Donald standing by the table smoking a cigarette.* PAN WITH HIM *as he goes to the door, opens it and steps out on to the terrace. He throws his cigarette down, steps on it and exits left.*

MUSIC LOWER

305. EXT. TERRACE—NIGHT. EXTREME LONG SHOT —12 FT. 1 FR.

Donald enters right on the terrace and walks to left. PAN WITH HIM. *We see Peggy, standing background, her back to us. She hears something and turns front.*

MUSIC LOWER

306. CLOSE-UP—5 FT. 4 FRS.

of Peggy, looking off left. She recognizes Murdoch.

MUSIC LOWER

307. CLOSE-UP—3 FT. 9 FRS.

of Donald.

PEGGY (*off-screen*): Murdoch! (*he sees her, off, and reacts*): Murdoch . . .

MUSIC LOWER

308. MED. LONG SHOT—12 FT. 4 FRS.

of Donald.

(*off-screen*): . . . Glourie!

Donald steps back so that he is in the shadow.

DONALD: Aren't you afraid of Murdoch Glourie.

PEGGY (*off-screen*): I couldn't be afraid . . .

MUSIC

309. MED. LONG SHOT—8 FT. 7 FRS.

of Peggy, looking off left.

. . . of any one I have known for such a long time. I'd like to talk to you, Murdoch Glourie.

PEGGY (*off-screen*): If he loved me, he wouldn't have gone away without saying a word to me!

DONALD: Oh, but he wants to say a lot of words to you, and he may not be very far from here. What would you say to him, Peggy?

MUSIC

319. CLOSE-UP—3 FT. 14 FRS.
of Peggy.

PEGGY: I would tell him that I love him . . .

MUSIC

320. CLOSE-UP—14 FT. 15 FRS.
of Donald. He smiles.

(*off-screen*): . . . but he won't come back!

DONALD: He will come back, Peggy! I promise you!

MUSIC ENDS—CHIMES

Dissolve to:

INT. DINING-ROOM—NIGHT. CLOSE-UP.

CHIMES CONTINUE

CLOSE-UP *of the clock. It is striking midnight.*

CHIMES CONTINUE

321. CLOSE SHOT—4 FT. 6 FRS.
the empty chair at the end of the table.

322. MED. LONG SHOT—5 FT. 6 FRS.
Reverse shot. Chair foreground, people seated at table.

CHIMES END

323. CLOSE SHOT—9 FT. 12 FRS.
Martin and Miss Shepperton.

MARTIN (*hitting the table*): Silence! Don't you hear a strange . . .

Shepperton jumps.

324. CLOSE SHOT—11 FT. 13 FRS.
of the butler, looking off right at Martin and preparing to drop tray.

(*off-screen*): . . . noise?

SCREAM

The butler screams and drops his tray.

SHEPPERTON (*off-screen*): He's seen him! The butler's seen him!

MARTIN (*off-screen*): Look sharp everybody! He's about to appear!

KRANZ (*off-screen*): Quiet! We must have quiet!

325. CLOSE SHOT—9 FT. 1 FR.
Martin and Shepperton.

SHEPPERTON (*after looking around*): I don't see a thing!

MARTIN (*looking at her*): No, but you will!

BIGELOW (*off-screen*): Well, I've got my glasses on . . .

326. CLOSE SHOT—3 FT. 5 FRS.
of the butler. He is looking around.

(*off-screen*): . . . but I don't see anything unusual.

SHEPPERTON (*off-screen*): Where is he?

327. CLOSE SHOT—22 FT. 9 FRS.

Martin and Shepperton.

MARTIN: That's funny. I distinctly heard noises like . . . like rattling of chains and moanings.

SHEPPERTON: Chains and moanings?

MARTIN: Yes . . . Possibly the ghost was just passing near here. But he'll be back . . . later.

BIGELOW (*off-screen*): Maybe the phantom's wrist-watch is slow . . .

Martin looks off at Bigelow.

328. MED. SHOT—30 FT. 9 FRS.

Bigelow and Mrs. Martin. CAMERA TRAVELS BACK *to* LONG SHOT

. . . and he doesn't know it's past midnight. . . . Why don't you send one of the servants to page him? (*he laughs*).

Dissolve to:

INT. DONALD'S ROOM—NIGHT. CLOSE-UP *of the little barrel. We hear broadcaster's voice.*

TRAVEL BACK TO MED. LONG SHOT AND PAN TO RIGHT.

BROADCASTER'S VOICE: We are bringing you a broadcast of the big reception for the famous phantom of Glourie Castle.

PAN TO DOOR.

. . . Outstanding amongst the guests is Mr. E. L. Bigelow . . .

Donald enters and comes to table. The voice continues:

. . . who expresses the opinion that the whole ghost story is . . .

329. CLOSE-UP—5 FT. 12 FRS.

of the little barrel.

. . . no more than a gigantic hoax. Mr. Bigelow has made personal . . .

330. CLOSE SHOT—31 FT. 6 FRS.

Donald, listening to the voice, becomes furious.

. . . investigations which indicate that the Glouries are not really a Scotch family . . .

Donald exits quickly left. The voice continues and we see parts of Murdoch's costume falling in on the wireless as they are thrown from the left. The voice becomes lower as the barrel is covered

. . . Mr. Bigelow follows this with several other accusations against Mr. Martin and Mr. Donald Glourie. He asked us, however, not to make these public until the end of to-night's experiment, at which time he will know to what ext . . .

VOICE DISSOLVES OUT

INT. CORRIDOR—NIGHT. MED. LONG SHOT

Donald enters quickly from his room, still putting on his coat, left, and exits right.

331. INT. DINING-ROOM—NIGHT. MEDIUM SHOT—9 FT. 2 FRS.

Martin and Shepperton. Martin is standing, ready to leave his seat at the table. We see Bigelow left foreground.

BIGELOW: What's the matter, Joe? Do you hear some more groans, or moans, or clankings?

332. CLOSE SHOT—6 FT. 8 FRS.

of the butler, getting ready to drop his tray again.

MARTIN (*off-screen*): Well, the ghost is here . . .

He lowers his tray

. . somewhere, but I guess he's got lost. I'll go and find .

333. MEDIUM SHOT—7 FT 9 FRS.

We see a few guests at the end of the table. Martin is going towards the little door.

him myself

BIGELOW (*off-screen*) Try whistling for him!

Martin opens the little door and looks out We hear the noise of a door being opened, off, and the guests turn to look right

334 MED. LONG SHOT 4 FT 11 FRS.

Donald has just entered from the large door He comes down to the end of the table and looks around

MARTIN (*off-screen*). Why, Donald

Donald looks off left

335. CLOSE-UP—5 FT. 10 FRS.

of Martin at the little door.

. . . I thought you were gone. There's been some mistake!

336. MEDIUM SHOT—40 FT. 1 FR.

Bigelow and Mrs. Martin.

BIGELOW: In fact, a rather serious mistake. (*As he rises, Donald enters left and stands behind Mrs. Martin's chair*): . . . Ladies and gentlemen, I think I can inform you that we shall see no phantom to-night.

DONALD (*to Mrs. Martin*): Forgive me, Mrs. Martin, but there's something I must say to Mr. Bigelow.

BIGELOW: Oh—well, go ahead and say it, my friend. I'm listening.

DONALD: It had better be said outside.

BIGELOW: Then, I'm afraid you'll have to wait until I am ready to leave. (*He looks at Donald*): Oh, I see that you and Joe are wearing the same tartan. Do you belong to Martin's Fine Foods Clan?

337. MED. CLOSE SHOT—7 FT. 5 FRS.

Shepperton and the woman on the other side of Martin. He steps to the table and hits it with his fist. The women jump.

MARTIN: Don't you talk to him about tartans! He's a *real* Scotchman!

338. MEDIUM SHOT—21 FT.
Bigelow, Mrs. Martin and Donald.

BIGELOW: Possibly. But I happen to be connected with a family far more important than the Glouries.

MARTIN (*off-screen*): I've never heard of the Clan Bigelow.

BIGELOW: Oh, no! This tartan belongs to the clan of my mother's ancestors, of which I am the last representative . . .

339. CLOSE-UP—5 FT. 2 FRS.
of Bigelow.

. . . It's the tartan of the distinguished Clan MacLaggan!

340. MEDIUM SHOT—8 FT. 4 FRS.
Donald steps to Bigelow and grabs his lapels.

DONALD: Did you say MacLaggan?

BIGELOW: Yes, MacLaggan. Take your hands off me!

DONALD (*lets him go*) Murdoch! Murdoch! . . .

WIND—MUSIC

341. MED. SHOT—5 FT. 9 FRS.
of the window. It opens, the curtains fly out and a vase of flowers falls from the table. Servant runs in Left and tries to hold the curtains.

. . . Did you hear that?

WIND—MUSIC

342. CLOSE SHOT—1 FT. 7 FRS.
The chair at the end of the table falls.

WIND—MUSIC

SCREAMS—MUSIC

343. MED. LONG SHOT—1 FT. 14 FRS.

The guests at the end of the table rise and run off screaming.

SCREAMS—MUSIC

344. MED. LONG SHOT—4 FT.

Murdoch appears in a puff of smoke.

SCREAMS—MUSIC

345. CLOSE-UP—3 FT. 14 FRS.

of Murdoch. He looks around.

MURDOCH: Where is this MacLaggan?

346. CLOSE SHOT—2 FT. 15 FRS.

of Martin.

MARTIN: Right there! The fellow with the kilts!

347. MED. LONG SHOT—10 FT. 4 FRS.

SCREAMS—MUSIC

Bigelow, stupefied. He looks at Donald, who is standing at left, smiling. People are running off. In right foreground we see Murdoch's back as he enters and walks towards Bigelow. Bigelow backs up, looking from Donald to Murdoch.

BIGELOW (*to Donald*): A very good joke, Mr. Glourie. Very . . . very amusing indeed!

SCREAMS—MUSIC

348. MED. SHOT—6 FT. 7 FRS.

Bigelow enters, backing towards door.

BIGELOW: Get away from me!

Murdoch enters right. Bigelow goes through the door and slams it.

MURDOCH (*laughing*): Ha! ha!

He goes through the closed door.

MUSIC CONTINUES

349. INT. UPPER CORRIDOR. LONG SHOT—7 FT. 14 FRS.

Bigelow running towards camera. He stops and looks back.

MUSIC STOPS

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): MacLaggan!

Bigelow turns and looks front above camera.

350. MEDIUM SHOT—5 FT. 5 FRS.

Reverse angle. Murdoch facing camera at left, Bigelow, his back to us, at right.

BIGELOW: I told you to get away from me!

MURDOCH: Ah, ah! . . .

BIGELOW: I don't like practical jokes . . .

351. MED. SHOT—12 FT.

Reverse again, Bigelow facing camera, Murdoch off-screen.

. . . You're not scaring me!

Bigelow turns and walks, then runs up-stage. As he veers, we see Murdoch standing in his path.

MUSIC STARTS

MURDOCH: Ha, ha!

Bigelow runs off right.

MUSIC STARTS

352. INT. LOWER CORRIDOR. MED. FOLLOW SHOT—14 FT. 14 FRS.

Bigelow enters, running from left, and runs down corridor. WE FOLLOW HIM. *He hides behind a settee for a moment, then starts running again. He runs into a small table. The table crashes, but he goes on, pushing a double grille open. He finally stops near the end of the corridor. He looks off left.*

MUSIC

353. CLOSE-UP—9 FT. 15 FRS.

Bigelow, looking off left. He takes two steps to the right, then faces off left again. Behind him, in the mirror, Murdoch appears.

MURDOCH: Turn, MacLaggan!

Bigelow turns and sees Murdoch. He falls down off left, out of scene.

MUSIC

354. CLOSE SHOT—3 FT. 14 FRS.

Bigelow falls in from the right.

CLOSE-UP—5 FT. 1 FR.

Murdoch steps forward through the mirror and looks down off left.

MUSIC ENDS

355. CLOSE SHOT—10 FT. 2 FRS.

Bigelow on the floor.

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): Now, will you have the goodness to repeat these words after me?

BIGELOW: Yes, sir. . . . Yes, sir. Anything you say, sir.

BIGELOW: Get away from m

Murdock enters right. Bigelow goes and stares it.

MURDOCH (*laughing*): Ha! ha!

He goes through the closed door.

MUSIC CONTINUES

349. INT. UPPER CORRIDOR. LONG SHOT-

Bigelow running towards camera. He s back.

MUSIC STOPS

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): MacLaggan!

Bigelow turns and looks front above camera.

350. MEDIUM SHOT—5 FT. 5 INS.

Reverse angle. Murdock facing camera Bigelow, his back to us, at right.

BIGELOW: I told you to get away from me!

MURDOCH: Ah, ah! . . .

BIGELOW: I don't like practical jokes . . .

351. MED. SHOT—12 FT.

Reverse again, Bigelow facing camera, Murdoch screen.

. . . You're not scaring me!

Bigelow turns and walks, then runs up-stage. As peers, we see Murdoch standing in his path.

MUSIC STARTS

MURDOCH: Ha, ha!

Bigelow runs off [illegible]

MUSIC STARTS

352. INT. LOWER CORRIDOR. MED. FOLLOW SHOT—14 FT. 14 FRS.

Bigelow enters, running from left, and runs down corridor. WE FOLLOW HIM. *He hides behind a settee for a moment, then starts running again. He runs into a small table. The table crashes, but he goes on, pushing a double grille open. He finally stops near the end of the corridor. He looks off left.*

MUSIC

353. CLOSE-UP—9 FT. 15 FRS.

Bigelow, looking off left. He takes two steps to the right, then faces off left again. Behind him, in the mirror, Murdoch appears.

MURDOCH: Turn, MacLaggan!

Bigelow turns and sees Murdoch. He falls down off left, out of scene.

MUSIC

354. CLOSE SHOT—3 FT. 14 FRS.

Bigelow falls in from the right.

CLOSE-UP—5 FT. 1 FR.

Murdoch steps forward through the mirror and looks down off left.

MUSIC ENDS

355. CLOSE SHOT—10 FT. 2 FRS.

Bigelow on the floor.

MURDOCH (*off-screen*): Now, will you have the goodness to repeat me?

. . . Yes, sir